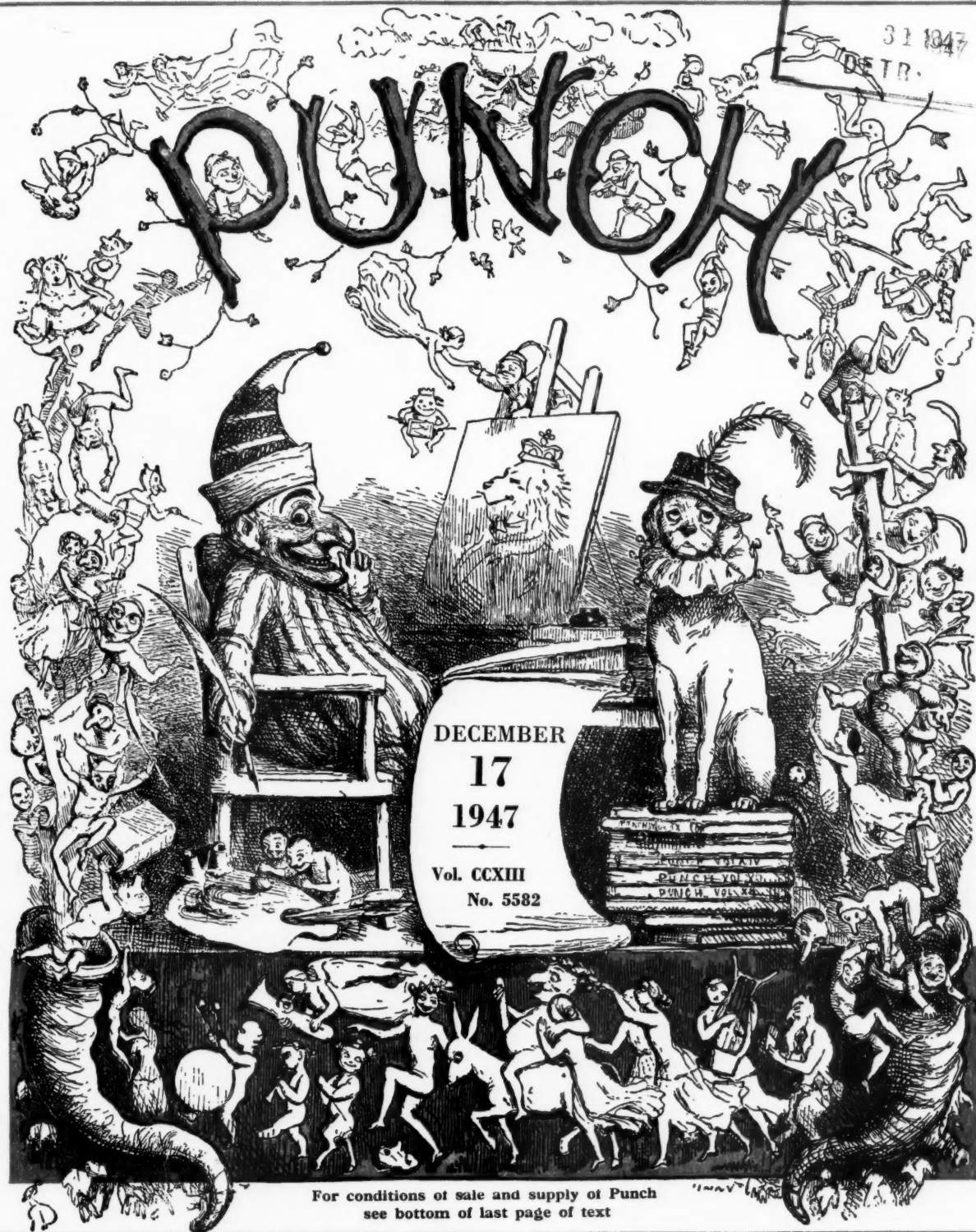


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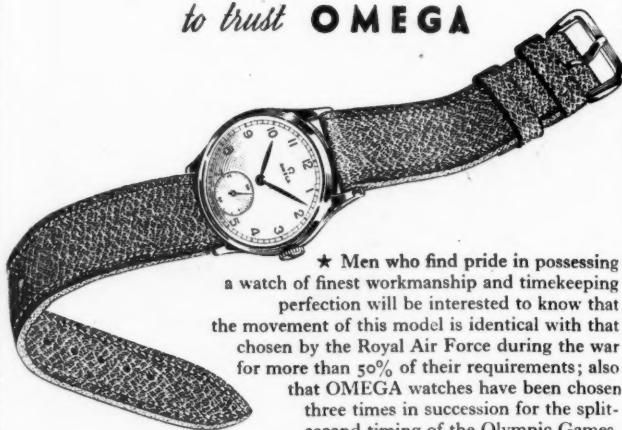




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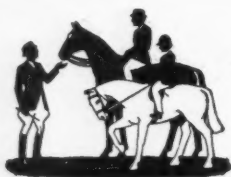
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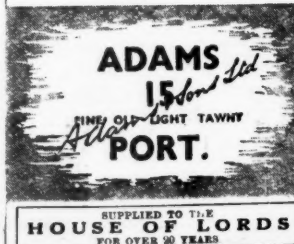
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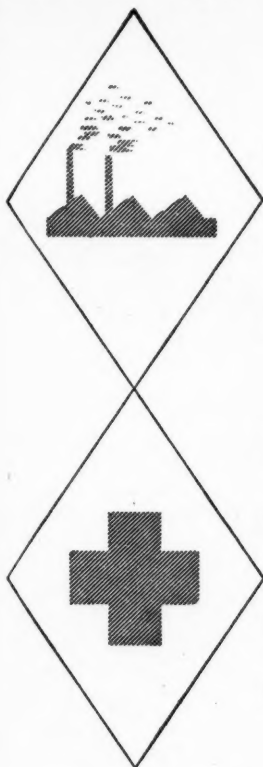
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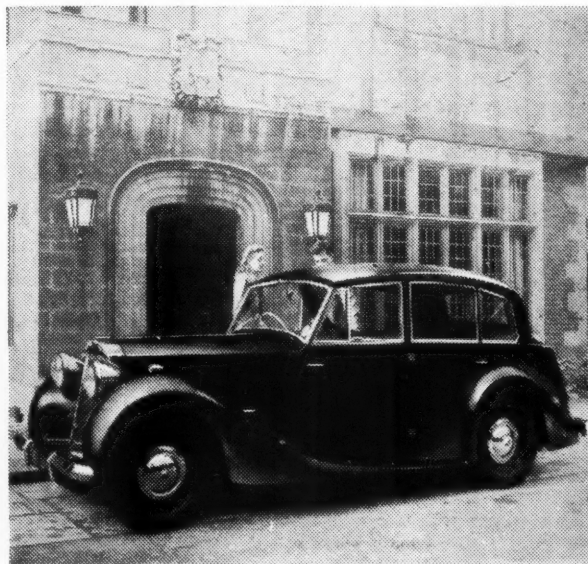
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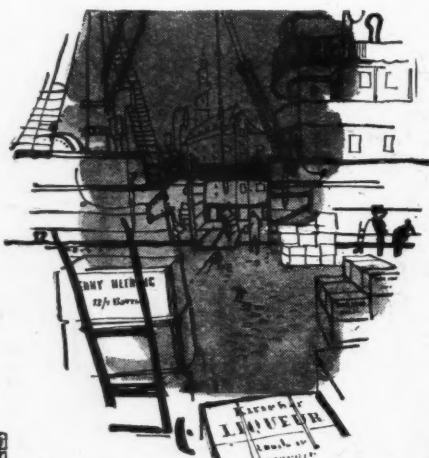
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BY APPOINTMENT  
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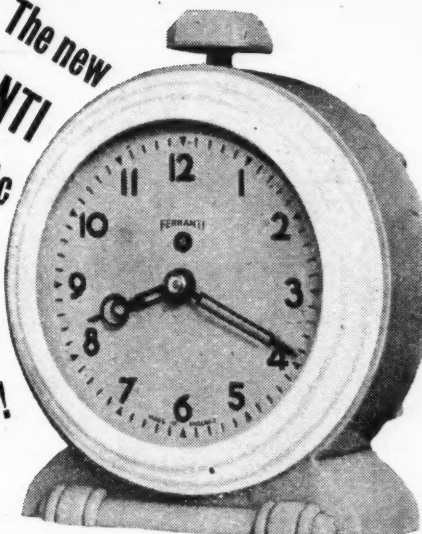
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## WHITEWAY'S BRITISH WINES



# A strong reason



To-day Guinness is being brewed stronger again, as strong as it was before the compulsory reduction in August 1946. You've had something worth drinking when you've had a Guinness.

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IS GOOD FOR YOU

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## another rush job!

The Surveyor is busier than ever these days — people seem to think he can be in two places at once! Essential workers doing vital jobs to make Britain prosperous again can't afford to waste time — they must have reliable transport. With a Ford, they can rely on Ford Service Facilities to keep their cars always in first-class running order. Whether it's general maintenance or spares or repairs that are needed, Ford Dealers — with Dagenham-trained mechanics — give prompt service at low fixed prices. That's why a Ford is the ideal car for to-day's essential motoring.

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM

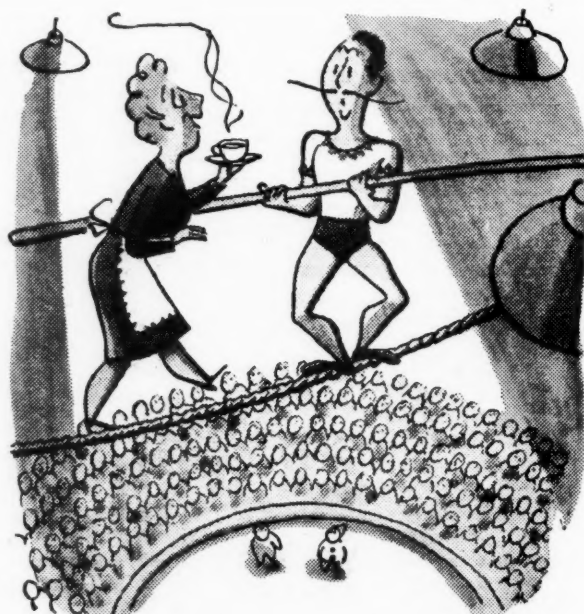
## Compliments of the Season, Mr. Barratt!



And by that I don't *only* mean "Happy Christmas!" I want to congratulate you on your new season's styles. Even in these austerity times, they're quite the smartest shoe-show Barratts have ever put on. And that's a compliment in itself. Certainly, the pair I've just bought will mean a "Happy New Year" for me!

## Walk the Barratt way

Barratts, Northampton — and branches all over the country



"I'm the new canteen assistant. I've just brought you a cup of Bovril"





# PUNCH

Or

## The London Charivari



Vol. CCXIII No. 5582

December 17 1947

### Charivaria

A SUNDAY newspaper's Pools expert offers to correspond with readers who cannot make head or tail of permutations. He will then print a system for those who cannot understand his letters.

There are to be film shows for passengers on trans-Atlantic flights. The big moment should be when the organist disappears through the floor.



"The American help to Europe so stringly advocated by Senator Vandenberg in his speech on Tuesday . . ."

*Monte Carlo paper.*

"Cordily" would have been more emphatic.

The practice of some African tribes of beating the ground with sticks and giving vent to blood-curdling noises is, says an authority, a primitive form of self-expression. This will be a comfort to golfers.

A lion-tamer has mysteriously disappeared from a circus troupe. Perhaps something he disagreed with ate him.

An eel of record size was recently landed on the south coast. It is said to be as long as a fish-queue.

"What can we do to strengthen the bonds between Government and people?" asks a politician. How about making a start by untying a few?

A country correspondent says that when he inspected his jacked-up car in the garage he found two torpid snakes in the vehicle. He believes they were windscreen-vipers.

#### Ministerial Move Forecast

"Small House or Bungalow wanted, within few miles Guildford; possession not later end February; bathroom not essential."

*Advt. in "Surrey Advertiser."*

A correspondent in an evening paper asks how he can keep postage stamps from sticking together. One good way is to buy them one at a time.

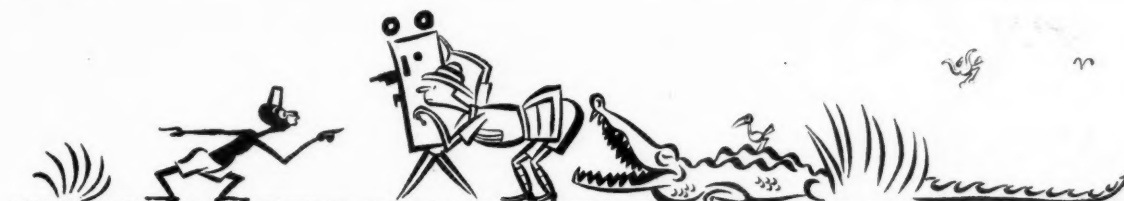
"Kerbside sales of Christmas novelties form a valued percentage of my business," writes a manufacturer. Passers-by are obliged to him for his esteemed favours.

In order to lighten their work the banks have introduced a system known as "Deferred Ledger Posting." We gather this is some form of leger-demain.

#### Seasonable Gift

"Hymns and Sacred Music on phonograph records, 10" and 12", Christmas carols, also Joe Louis—Schmeling one round smash defeat."—*Advt. in "Barbados Advocate."*

A cameraman in the Congo has been injured by a crocodile. It seems that the crocodile got his snap in first.



## Report to the Olympic Association

THE Committee set up under my chairmanship to inquire into the possibility of reforming the Olympic Games on the lines laid down for these contests in ancient times have now concluded their investigations.

In accordance with your instructions we have throughout kept in mind the desirability of finding a means of limiting the ever-increasing number of events in the modern Games, of excluding such un-Greek activities as netball and tobogganing, and of curbing the tendency to use the Festival for purposes of national propaganda and aggrandisement.

We now have the honour to report as follows:

Reversion to the precise programme and conditions of the ancient Games held in Elis is not a practicable proposition. After a careful sifting of the available evidence\* we came to the conclusion that the Greeks themselves so constantly varied the number and nature of the events that no precise programme exists as a model, nor did we feel that such items as the contest of heralds and the race for men in heavy armour were altogether suited to conditions in the modern world. Our attention was also drawn to the practice, current in Elis, of the recitation of their latest works by poets and historians and to the entry into the arena by the man Alcibiades in 416 B.C., richly dight and accompanied by no fewer than seven chariots. Your Committee took the view that opportunities for propaganda and national aggrandisement were by no means excluded under the ancient system.

The same objections were found to apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Nemean, Pythian and Isthmian Games, and we therefore extended the limits of our conspectus further back into history. At first sight the case for a revival of the Funeral Games of Patroclus appears to be extremely strong. The programme is severely limited to a maximum of eight events, the prizes are fixed and, though the Twenty-third book of the *Iliad* is not everywhere as detailed on rules, distances, conditions of entry and so on as a sports organizer could wish, there is a satisfactory absence of that clash of authorities which we found so wearisome in our investigation of the festivals of classical times. Your Committee therefore set itself to read the Twenty-third book from beginning to end—in itself a task of some magnitude. Despite this, we have confined our comments to a single event on the programme, that with which the meeting opened.

The chariot race, as members of your Association will recall, was for teams of two horses drawing a wickerwork car. The course to be to a mark appointed by the umpires and back. The mark to be of oak or pine, unrotted by the rain, not less than six feet high and clearly indicated by two white stones placed one on either side. Competitors to leave the mark on their left when turning.

Every competitor received a prize. This ruling, which applied to each event, would lead, it might be thought, to a very large field, but the Greeks, with characteristic humanism, announced the number and nature of the prizes first: and there is no instance in Book 23 of more competitors coming forward than there were prizes to be distributed. No godlike hero, the Committee conclude, was prepared to exert himself unless he was first guaranteed at least a vase (with double cup) untouched by fire.

The race itself may be summarized as follows. Eumelus,

son of Admetus, held the lead until his chariot yoke was snapped (by Pallas Athene some say, but this the Committee cannot accept) and “the driver,” to quote the official account, “was thrown from the driving seat, his forehead was bruised near the eyebrows and his liquid voice was clogged.” This was to the advantage of Diomedes who, passing by, directed his hollow-hoofed steeds, bounding far beyond the others. After him came Antilochus and Menelaus, driving abreast for a place where the rain had hollowed out a gully. Antilochus refused to give way and Menelaus, a man of substance, was forced to pull up to avoid an accident. Your Committee desire to put on record the actual words used by Menelaus on this occasion. The version given by the Earl of Derby:

*Antilochus, thou most perverse of men,  
Beshrew thy heart! We Greeks are much deceived  
Who give thee fame for wisdom,*

appeared to us, despite our lack of experience of the language used by charioteers, to be suspect, and we accordingly had recourse to the original which makes it clear, beyond a shadow of doubt, that what the son of Atreus actually said was not “Beshrew thy heart!” but “Go to the ravens!” It is fair to add, however, that this remark had little bearing on the result of the race, which was won by Diomedes.

It is upon the method of distributing the prizes that we particularly wish to lay stress. Diomedes, very properly, took the woman well skilled in household cares and the two-handled tripod. The second prize, a mare, was awarded (rather oddly, in the Committee’s view) to Eumelus, who came in on foot a bad last, dragging his broken car. Umpire Achilles’ argument that Eumelus would have won but for divine intervention was sharply countered by Antilochus on the grounds that the prize was rightly his, that Eumelus had only himself to blame if he had been remiss over his prayers to the Immortals, and that anyway if Achilles wanted to give Eumelus a prize let him produce one from his own reserves of sheep, female slaves, etc. Achilles saw the force of these arguments, gave Eumelus, whose nose bled freely throughout the discussion, a brass breastplate edged with tin, and the difficulty appeared to be resolved when Menelaus belatedly lodged an objection against Antilochus for dangerous driving. The objection was sustained, but Menelaus thereupon relented,† gave Antilochus the mare and took the third prize, a glittering cauldron, instead. Meriones, placed fourth, got two talents in gold, leaving the fifth prize (vase, with double cup) unclaimed. Achilles gave the vase to Nestor, on the remarkable pretext that he was too old to compete. Entries for the next event, a laborious boxing-match (transl. Bohn’s Classical Library), were then called.

Your Committee have dwelt at some length upon this chariot race in order to lend support to their final recommendation, which is that in no circumstances should a return to the procedure, still less to the spirit, of the ancient Greek games be countenanced by your Association. We content ourselves with the observation that the disgraceful wrangling which marred the opening event at Troy took place on the occasion of a funeral, when competitors would naturally be in a somewhat sober and subdued frame of mind. What happened at their festivals, we do not care to contemplate.

H. F. E.

\*The Committee consulted Pausanias, Lucian, Polybius, Xenophon, Pindar, Thucydides, Strabo and, with considerable reluctance, Krause’s *Olympia oder Darstellung der grossen Olympischen Spiele*.

† Homer says that “his mind was cheered, as the dew is diffused over the ears of growing corn, when the fields are bristling.” But the point seems immaterial.





### THE COAL HOLE

"A little more and there may be some for us."



"Don't you think we were happier, dear, before you got this craze for magic?"

## Can I Borrow Your Paranoia?

(No hard feelings. The title means no more than the rest of it.)

ANNOUNCER. The Birth of a Radio Feature!

MR. SMITH. What?

ANNOUNCER. The Birth of a Radio Feature!

MR. SMITH. Is this going to be another of those things that tell me—

(*Martial music begins, drowning his voice for some moments. Then it fades slightly and he is heard again.*)  
Oh, yes, I see it is.

AUTHOR (*an earnest, plaintive voice*). I am the author.

MR. SMITH. You mean you're the man who writes the stuff?

AUTHOR (*irritated*). Certainly I'm the man who writes the stuff. Why do you always have to be so perishing simple-minded?

MR. SMITH (*proudly*). I represent the thousands (*loud chord*) tens of thousands (*louder chord, a tone higher*) millions (*climactic, triumphant chord*) who listen. (*Thin, minor chord*) You hope. It is always assumed that none of us knows anything at all.

AUTHOR (*aggressively*). My stars, so it *should* be. If you could have a look at some of the letters we get—

STRONG, CHEERY VOICE. Now then, now then; no dirty cracks about the vast listening audience, the backbone of the nation, the licence-holders, the fee-payers, the people who have to be induced to switch on (*a loud*

*click*) and anxiously stroked lest they should switch off (*a louder click*).

MR. SMITH. What I want to know is—

NORTHERNER. Ob—jection!

MR. SMITH. What's the matter?

NORTHERNER. You talk too la-di-da. You've a (*with great contempt*) Soother ac—cent. Ah woan't 'ave you representin' me.

ECHOING VOICE. Objection sustained! Call Representative Number Two!

REPRESENTATIVE No. 2. Ee, 'ave I to coom in eer again? A lot o' non—sense . . .

MR. SMITH. Wait a minute. I've got my rights. I'm as much an ordinary listener as he is, and I don't see why he should represent me.

DEEP VOICE (*echoing*). We seem to have reached an impasse.

REPRESENTATIVE No. 2 (*astonished*). Ee, is that what it is? Ah thowt it was—

AUTHOR (*earnestly*). Enough of this quarrelling. As I was saying—I am the author.

MR. SMITH. Did you write this?

AUTHOR. What?

MR. SMITH. All this. What we're saying now.

AUTHOR. Who do you take me for—Pirandello?

ANGRY VOICE. I want some atmosphere! I want some effects! I haven't the patience to concentrate on all this talk!

ANNOUNCER (*resigned*). All right. Give the gentleman some atmosphere, Charlie.

CHARLIE (*cautiously*). Er—I suppose seagulls are out? (*Pause. Cries of the well-known BBCgulls begin to fade in gradually.*)

CHORUS (*a confused babble*). There they are again! Stop those damn seagulls! Squawk, squawk! It's making you a laughing-stock! Boo! Send him off, ref! Yah!

CHARLIE. Never mind, never mind. All right, seagulls are out. I never get a chance to use my seagulls now. But no need to go jumping down a fellow's throat.

SMALL VOICE (*reflectively*). Jumping down a fellow's throat . . . ?

CHARLIE. That's what I said. Like this. (*A shrill, descending whistle culminates in a loud SSPLOPSSH.*)

ANGRY VOICE. Nothing like it.

THIN VOICE. Besides, it's disgusting. People will write.

FLAT, DRY VOICE. The Director of Programmes, Dear Sir, On switching on my wireless on returning home on the evening of Wednesday from my place of business what was my disgust on immediately hearing on the loud-speaker—

AUTHOR. That's enough. They must have got the idea now. Yours truly.

FLAT, DRY VOICE (*sharply*). Certainly not. Yours in profound disgust.

MR. SMITH. Look here, wasn't all this announced as the Birth of a Radio Feature?

ANNOUNCER (*obligingly*). You want me to say it again?

(*Declamatory.*) The Birth of a Radio Feature! (*The martial music is repeated.*)

CHARLIE. There ought to be something I could slip in here. How about—no, I suppose not. Or how about—

ANGRY VOICE. I want some pretty restful music!

STRONG, CHEERY VOICE (*humouring*). Now, one moment. Do you mean music that is pretty restful, or music that is both restful and pretty?

ANGRY VOICE. You heard what I said!

LISTENER RESEARCH (*argumentative*). There, you see? I'm Listener Research, and that's what makes my job so difficult. They won't say *exactly* what they mean, do you see? They won't—

ANGRY VOICE. I always say what I mean! I speak my mind without fear or favour! If I have a fault it is my frankness! Gimme some pretty restful music! Failing that I want Audience Participation! I want to clap my hands together! Gimme some kind of a quiz!

CANADIAN VOICE. Well—a quick recap—the experts are hot to-night. They got the short supply consumer goods are in in twelve questions, and the arrangement with Maurice Winnick in five. Off we go with the third object, and it's mineral!

GIRL'S VOICE. Are there steps up to it?

MR. SMITH. What kind of feature is this the birth of, anyway?

DEEP VOICE (*echoing*). You may well ask.

ANGRY VOICE. Bah! Taxpayers' money wasted! Technical hitch! Political partiality!

INSINUATING VOICE. One moment—can I borrow your parancia?

SARCASTIC VOICE. Why, whose are you using now?

(*Long, electric pause; then a loud click, and silence.*)

R. M.

## The Floating Voters

I AM one of a handful of people known as the floating voters. We are, or shortly hope to be, the new privileged class in Britain. Our society (the B.S.F.V.) has a few vacancies, but not many, and applications for membership will be dealt with in strict rotation.

We floating voters are the people who run the country's politics. Like the mayor at the head of an evenly-divided town council we wield a decisive casting vote. Like the mayor we enjoy despotic power. And, what is better, this power is conferred upon us by Democracy, so that everything is clean and above-board. It is well known that the solid voters of the chief political parties are so evenly balanced that the slightest push at the fulcrum is enough to tip the scales. In the General Election of 1945 the pro-Socialist votes numbered 12,008,512 and the anti-Socialist votes 11,941,632,\* leaving the former with a balance of hands of 66,880. This figure represents approximately half the optimum strength of the British Society of Floating Voters. But, as I say, we have only a very limited number of vacancies.

A moment's thought will convince you that we of the B.S.F.V. are the only people who count, or should be counted, at general elections. Lord Woolton and Mr. Morrison are well aware of this fact and it is merely a matter of time before they grant official recognition to our

society. We are hoping for great things from the Tories and the Socialists between now and 1950, and for a fairly useful *pourboire* or two from the Liberals. We are watching the progress of Lord Woolton's "Fighting Fund" with undisguised glee: one million pounds divided by about 130,000 of us works out at . . . But never mind about the mathematics now. They will come as surely as Knight follows Hall.

Our society reserves the honour and privileges of membership for people who are *bona fide* floating voters—that is, voters who know how to keep afloat in spite of the most convincing arguments in favour of partisanship. On election a member receives a booklet, *Floating for Profit*, containing the society's rules and code of behaviour. The following are extracts:

1. The B.S.F.V. is a co-operative enterprise working unashamedly for self-profit. Supremely conscious of the immense power which Destiny has tossed into our cupped hands we seek to magnify that power, to dish the Whigs, Tories and Socialists, to achieve the greatest happiness for the smallest possible number, and to earn good money easily in our spare time.

2. No member of the B.S.F.V. is permitted to declare his political feelings or even to give the impression that he has any feelings to declare. One slip, one step down from the platform of rigid neutrality and the floating voter ceases to exist. Political convictions are revealed or implied by the most innocent acts; so every member must

\* R. B. McCallum and A. Readman. *The British General Election of 1945.*



Thompson



"Hullo—I hope you weren't in the middle of dinner? You were? Oh, then, I won't—



keep you. As a matter of fact, it isn't anything at all—



important . . . I only really wanted to tell you about . . . and to mention to you about—



and to ask you about . . . and to consult you about . . . and to let you know about—



and to have a bit of a chat about . . . and to give you the latest news about . . . and to ask you if you'd heard about—



and to know what you thought about . . . and to find out what you knew about . . . and to have a good talk about—



and—but I'm afraid I'll have to stop now; I rather think I can—



bear my dinner arriving."

forever be on guard against carelessness and momentary anger. He should be careful to avoid such dangerous topics of conversation as the film *Monsieur Verdoux*, foreign affairs, rationing, nationalization, atomic energy, freedom, petrol, the Press and money. He should dress soberly, avoiding such obvious eccentricities as a red tie, an open-neck shirt, an umbrella, corduroy or striped trousers, long hair, and spats. He should take care to display two rival newspapers (or none) when travelling by train or bus . . . (This goes on and on: frightfully detailed.)

3. At a General Election or by-election members will vote according to instructions conveyed to them by post on the morning of polling-day. The message must be destroyed or swallowed immediately.

4. The society's greatest enemies are these Gallup-type inquiries into public opinion. Once they establish a reputation for infallibility the society is done for. Everything must therefore be done to prevent them from working smoothly. As soon as head office learns that a poll of political opinion (or a pilot election) is to take place it notifies all members in the areas concerned. Members will then take up their positions at street-corners, cross-roads, pubs, etc., and endeavour to look as though they would welcome a fairly long questionnaire with open arms. When questioned members will give utterly ridiculous answers without batting an eyelid. (Note: This is important!)

5. All inducements and bribes received from political parties will be apportioned as soon as possible and dis-

tributed to members in plain envelopes. Sums received in this way, we are now informed, need not be declared for income-tax purposes.

Needless to say, the society never meets as a body. Yet we have our annual dinner and smoking-concert when members are expected to toast the founder-treasurer from the privacy of their own homes.

But, as I repeat, we have only a *very* limited number of vacancies. Hod.

## The Quip Modest

"I DEVOTE my whole life to drudging for you," Said the wife of a certain and uncertain man. "All my days I work my fingers to the bone, Merely for you. Indeed, I work my toes to the bone as well." "You are seeing double, my dear," he replied. "Half your work is surely for yourself, Not counting the tasks which are your own idea. And incidentally, O spouse, Sometimes when you think you are cross from over-work It occurs to me You are really overworking because you are cross. Correct me if I am wrong. Indeed, correct me in any event, my love . . . I do not like novelty at my time of life."

## Remote Control

Wireless message from Radio Officer, S.S. "Porpentine," to the Broadside Shipping Co., London

17/11/47

Mysterious tropical disease has stricken captain chief engineer all officers engineers except self stop All sleeping in bunks unable awaken stop Engines still working as cannot stop them anyway stop Have no idea where we are or whither we are going comma actually at the moment we are going in circles as this seemed best pending receipt your instructions for which thanks in anticipation. JONES Radio Officer.

From Broadside Shipping Co. to Radio Officer Jones

17/11/47

Take command proceed NNW½W at half speed keeping sharp look-out this course should bring you off New Orleans in 48 hours where pilot will meet you acknowledge. BROADSIDE.

From S.S. "Porpentine" to Broadside Shipping Co.

18/11/47

Instructions received am not absolutely clear which way is NNW½W but have ascertained this to best my ability by pointing hour hand of watch at sun and bisecting angle between that and half-past three stop Regarding half speed comma do not care to start fiddling with levers knobs wheels in engine room as who knows what might happen so continuing full speed stop Have provisions six months and confident making landfall before then stop Have pleasure in accepting command rely on me protect your interests every way. CAPTAIN JONES.

From Broadside Shipping Co. to S.S. "Porpentine"

18/11/47

Have you considered consequences making landfall dark night while travelling full speed stop Ship unlike motorcar not provided brakes stop Imperative you reduce speed immediately stop Go down to engineroom turn sharp left at foot of companion-way take two paces forward and pull lever at right hand acknowledge. BROADSIDE.

From S.S. "Porpentine" to Broadside Shipping Co.

19/11/47

Cannot say you were not warned stop Your instructions followed with result on pulling lever all lifeboats lowered stop Pulled adjacent lever comma thus producing continuous blast on ships siren and strong smell of gas stop Proceeding under difficulties but in good heart stop Urge you have

confidence in my judgment semicolon will do utmost bring your ship safely to port but cannot take responsibility further monkeying infernal box tricks downstairs. CAPTAIN JONES.

From Broadside Shipping Co. to S.S. "Porpentine" (Urgent rate)

19/11/47

If cannot slow down resume circling until sighted by passing ship acknowledge. BROADSIDE.

From S.S. "Porpentine" to Broadside Shipping Co.

20/11/47

Yours yesterday presumably intended joke stop. Am gaining confidence hourly stop Sighted land today but coast appeared rocky inhospitable uninviting therefore altered course to avoid it stop To-day being my birthday have given all hands half-holiday trust you approve. CAPTAIN JONES.

From Lloyd's, London, to all ships

21/11/47

Steamer Porpentine sailing unknown course at high speed somewhere in Gulf of Mexico stop Captain apparently insane stop All ships are warned to keep clear and report by wireless if Porpentine sighted. LLOYDS.

From steam trawler "Halibut" to Lloyd's, London

22/11/47

Porpentine sighted fifteen miles SSW Reykjavik steaming due north at about thirty knots disappeared into fog. HALIBUT.

From Lloyd's Hailing Station, North Foreland, to Lloyd's, London

22/11/47

Vessel resembling Porpentine passed here 1147 hours going south speed estimated thirty-five knots. LLOYDS NORTH FORELAND.

From S.S. "Callipygia" to Lloyd's, London

22/11/47

Porpentine passed us yesterday mid-day going due west about forty knots position then about two hundred miles east of Baltimore. CALLIPYGIA.

From S.S. "Porpentine" to Broadside Shipping Co.

23/11/47

Have not heard from you lately hope nothing wrong stop Invalids still comatose but otherwise all well here lovely weather. CAPTAIN JONES.

From Broadside Shipping Co. to S.S. "Porpentine"

24/11/47

For sake your old mother please hand over your command to senior member of crew stop Will reward you

handsomely stop If persist present line of action and miraculously escape drowning you will face charges mutiny barratry piracy. BROADSIDE.

From S.S. "Porpentine" to Broadside Shipping Co.

24/11/47

Old mother cuts little ice stop How much is quote handsomely unquote. CAPTAIN JONES.

From Broadside Shipping Co. to S.S. "Porpentine"

25/11/47

Five thousand pounds. BROADSIDE.

From S.S. "Porpentine" to Broadside Shipping Co.

26/11/47

Your offer quite inadequate for tight staunch strong ship like Porpentine stop Will accept ten thousand comma you can call it salvage and recoup from underwriters comma this is my last word. CAPTAIN JONES.

From Broadside Shipping Co. to S.S. "Porpentine"

27/11/47

Draft for ten thousand deposited your bankers to-day payable on termination your command. BROADSIDE.

From S.S. "Porpentine" to Broadside Shipping Co.

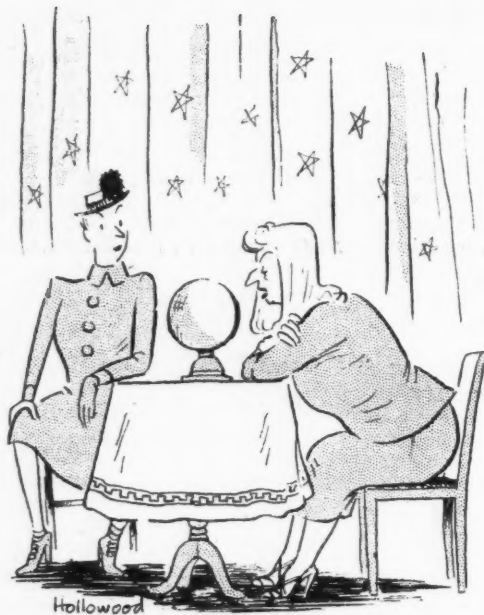
28/11/47

Captain and chief engineer awoke this morning much refreshed. JONES.

## RELIEF FOR INDIAN REFUGEES

THERE are to-day ten million refugees in India and Pakistan. Among these destitute and homeless people, threatened by outbreaks of cholera and small-pox, the work of relief and rehabilitation calls for ever-increasing supplies of medical equipment, clothing, blankets and other necessities. The Indo-Pakistan Refugee Relief Committee, under the patronage of the Archbishop of Liverpool and Professor Gilbert Murray, appeals to the British people to help with donations, large or small, and with gifts in kind that may be sent out to the sufferers or sold in the Committee's Gift Shop to raise funds. Relief supplies are sent out to be distributed officially by the Ministries of Refugees in both Pakistan and India.

Cheques may be made payable to the "Indo-Pakistan Refugees Relief Committee" and sent, together with gifts in kind, to the Committee at 3 Westfield Drive, Kenton, Middlesex.



"... and your Christmas present from Mrs. Lipson will be a sort of writing-pad, value two and elevenpence."

## More Institutions

**S**PEECH-making is a very prevalent institution. It occurs, for example, after the sort of dinner to which people have been invited on the understanding that there will be speeches, and is notable for the distinction between the speakers and the non-speakers. Speakers, to non-speakers, are people who are clever enough to make themselves heard through a silence; and there is no silence like that which falls on a dinner-table when it realizes it has to stop talking. You may get a quick bit of chair-shuffling in the few seconds between a speech being heralded and begun, but it says much for the spirit of after-dinner listeners that if they start their listening at the wrong angle they cannot very well do anything about it, however much their necks hurt, until the gap between that speech and the next. Many listeners gaze at any remaining spoons or knives, identifying them with what is being said just as sock-menders darn what they hear on the wireless, and joke-appreciators have as good an idea of themselves during an after-dinner speech as at any other time. As for the speakers, statisticians say that if less speakers nowadays put in the bit about being unaccustomed as they are it is only because so many speakers have said it before, and that it is a pity that sophistication should have denied these people, cornered as its audience knows it itself would feel, a sensible way of running itself in.

**M**Y readers will remember that when they were at school they had a great many speeches directed at them; in fact, if you count one-sided talking as speeches, they got one every time they had a lesson. But the most important speech-making occasion at school is undoubtedly the last day of term, when the platform fills up as never before, the audience wears its best clothes and as likely as not a

small concert precedes the mafficking. I should like to say something about school concerts, the main feature of which is that the audience may know every item as well as the performers by now and yet will applaud as heartily as any glee-conductor's parents could wish. Some psychologists link this with the well-known fact that you have to hear good music a lot of times to grasp it; others to the equally well-known fact that an end-of-term concert marks the end of term. Another feature of school concerts, to an audience accustomed in everyday life to upright pianos kept in cloakrooms and muffled down by the surrounding coats, is the sudden loudness and bigness of a real grand piano with the lid up. Altogether a school concert is an enormously impressive affair, with the audience knowing the performers and each other to an extent that never happens at the Albert Hall.

Going back to the speeches, all I wanted to say about them is that they have to a high degree the power some speeches have of making their audience realize after such a speech that that is what it was expecting to hear, though it could not have said so beforehand because then it didn't know what to expect. Prize-givings are as much of an institution as school concerts and speeches, and what they have to a high degree is the opportunity of each prizewinner being seen alone and side-face by everyone else.

Mention of school reminds me of debating societies, it being a rather melancholy fact that many people end their active debating with this phase of their careers, just as they are getting the hang of the thing and being promoted to the rôle of seconder and being able to read three lines about themselves in the school magazine. Debates, whether at school, in real life or on the wireless, are remarkable for the way both sides seem to be right at the time and for the side-tracking that goes on when the jumping-up begins. People who know that they themselves can never keep to the point are always encouraged, when they attend or listen to a debate, by the way other people don't seem to be able to either. However, to offset this complacency, you have the remarkable effect of wireless political discussions on those sock-menders I was telling you about—a realization that it is possible to know more about politics than it is possible to know.

**N**OW I think I should say a bit about Parliament, which is an institution like almost nothing else in our national life. Because it seems statistically probable that most of my readers have never visited Parliament while it was in progress—I mean probable that they tell other people they want to but not probable that they have got further than feeling that their keenness is a sign of the times—I had better describe how they think it looks. Parliament consists of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, but as the House of Commons is the result of voting and usually what people mean when they grumble, I shall stick to that. It, in its turn, consists of an impressive interior with rows of seats facing each other and all full up, and with one side on one side and the other on the other. There are also a Speaker, a dispatch-box which speech-makers thump, and a mace. The public has a fairly clear picture of the mace because of Oliver Cromwell, but it rather falls down on the dispatch-box, the best it can do being a small black tin box with a little loop to lift the lid by, and it doesn't expect anything it has imagined by itself to be right. Though the public knows from its newspapers that sometimes there are only twenty-eight people listening to a speech, in its mental eye, as I was saying, the rows of seats are always packed full. This may be the result of films about nineteenth-century politicians,





"Well, no, Sir—I've stayed away from the office because I'm the only member of the staff WITHOUT a cold."

as also may be the slight tendency to put everyone into old-time clothes, or at least high white collars.

I think that this is all I want to say about the appearance of the place, except that when the public wants to fill in the background offhand it puts in some very dignified architecture behind the back rows' heads. As for what goes on in Parliament—the speeches, the laughter, the tough cries in brackets and so on, the public can get all this from the newspapers. What it does not get is what it could only get by being there, a feeling that it is actually seeing something it has heard about; but it does get quite a sensation of reality from noting that written-down speaking does not read like writing.

I WANT now to get right away from Parliament and speech-making and tell my readers something about the long-established tradition which decrees that famous people shall have their portraits painted, and that non-famous people can have them done too if they really think their face can stand up to someone else's ideas about it. One of the characteristics of portraits in general is that besides looking like the people they are meant to look like they also look like other people painted in the same period of history. (The present day does not come into this because some portraits are blobby and some nearly as good as photographs, but anyway the present day is not a period of history yet.) Thus, for example, you get a period of faces wearing beards and ruffs and looking as anyone would nowadays who wore a beard and a ruff. A lot of old-time portraits were painted full-length, partly to get the sword in and partly, no doubt, because people wanted to be painted full-length as they do to-day, it being a sign of notability for people to get the whole of them into their portraits, unless they are just being painted as a picture, when they are not notable at all. Many portraits include horses, dogs, draped curtains, pillars, distant rustic prospects, parchment rolls and so on. Statisticians have not come to any very helpful results about what is not included, but say that they have not found much rain or many poets leaning on their typewriters, but the typewriters, and even the rain, may be because most of the portraits they saw were painted in the past.

Ordinary people, as I was saying, can risk having their portraits painted, but most of them get no further than not seeming too reluctant when some artistic friend offers to draw them; this drawing, however firmly it backs up their worst fears about their faces, they will put away very carefully where they can get at it to show other people. As for the people who actually achieve being painted in real oil-paint and hung in an exhibition, only they know how they feel as they hang hopefully round, conscious that the average public is never more critical than when it sees a portrait, and ready to move off if the talk gets ugly.

## Controlled Christmas Dinner

1947

### Menu

*Soup*

THIN THYME

*Fish*

RED HERRING

*Entrée*

HUMBLE PIE

*Joint*

COLD SHOULDER

*Sweet*

SLOW TURNOVER

*Savoury*

HARD CHEESE

*Dessert*

SOUP GRAPES

### Wine List

LOW SPIRITS

"BRING AND BAY SALE  
... PROCEEDS in aid of  
DIOCESAN FORWARD MOVEMENT."

*Advt. in Lancs. paper.*

Forward, the diocese! Tally-ho!





### Old Man's Battle

**T**HERE'S my old horse that, saddled, snorts by the back door,  
Champing, and stamping the ground to gallop away to war,  
No one would think he'd never been in the battle before.

Born in the buttercups, ploughing in youth the steep field,  
Cropping in leisure the sweet-scented grass of the Weald,  
He's no charger, the fierce steed or the fiery-heeled.

Fit to turn out to grass or draw the municipal drays  
Or stand with his nose over the gate to the end of his days;  
Never a spark from his hooves troubled the Wealden ways.

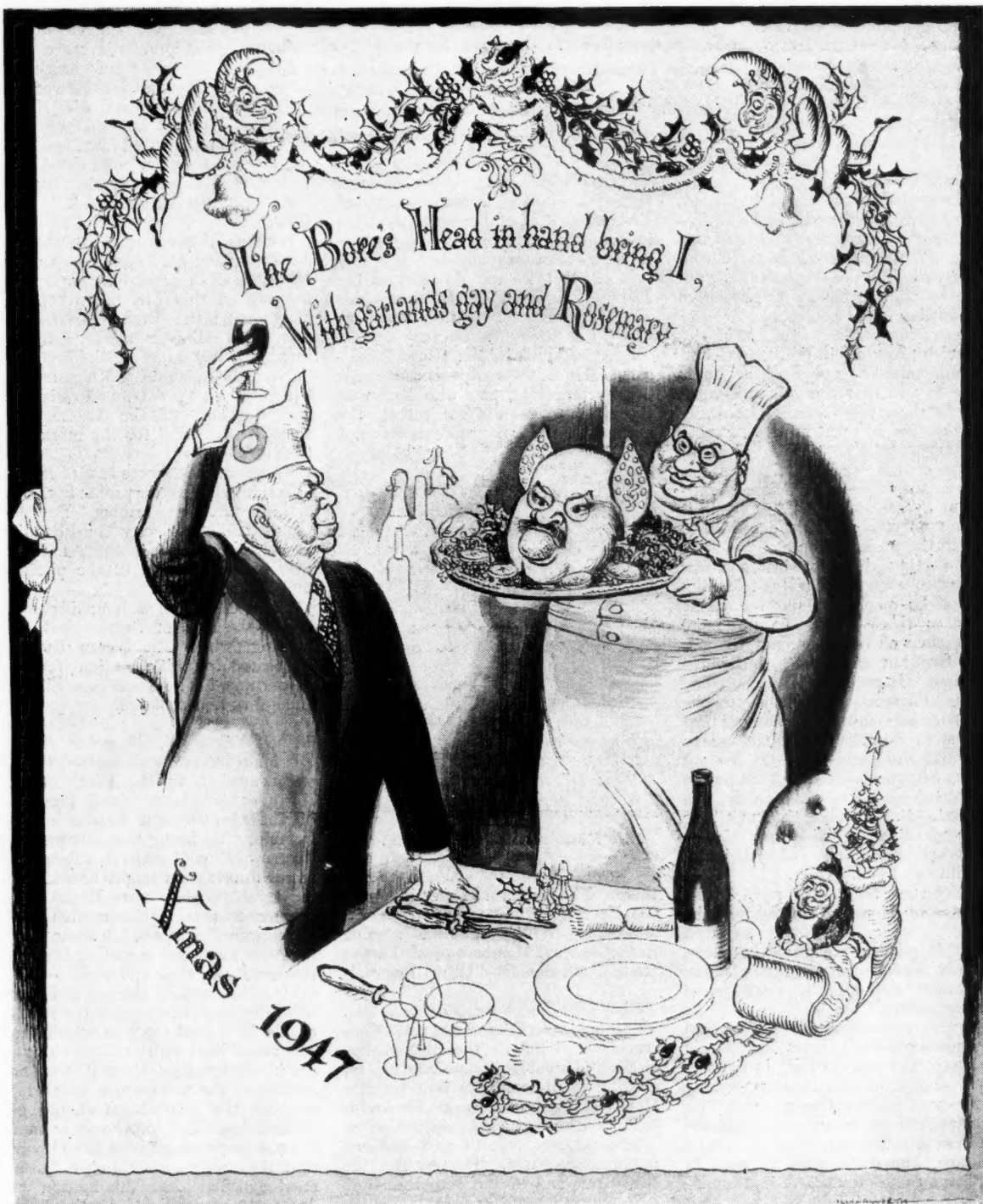
What, shall I mount him, the old faithful, and ride like thunder  
With feutred spear, forcing the enemy's ranks asunder,  
While the banners sway, the shouts and the trumpets hushed with wonder?

There's no young horse but faints and flickers and stands aside,  
Keeping his life for his dream-mare, the velvet-eyed;  
Better an aged horse and his rider, the lean and dried.

I'll be back with the morning or leave my creaking bones  
Under the bitter hedge where the empty dawn-wind moans  
And rags of banners flutter beneath the bare stones.

For an old horse that has known his long peace in the stable  
And an old rider grown weary sitting at table  
There's nothing left but to ride to battle while they're able.

They say the enemy comes, brilliant and bloody-speared;  
I mark him upon the hill. See what they fled and feared!  
An old horse, and an old man with an ashen beard.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO THE U.S.A.



**MONDAY, December 8th.**

—Your scribe hereby recommends Colonel The Right Honourable OLIVER FREDERICK GEORGE STANLEY, M.C., Conservative Member of Parliament for Bristol, West Division, for appointment to Mr. Punch's own Distinguished Joker's Order. He is also recommended for a Bar.

The second he has certainly earned, for his voice must need a little lubrication after his strenuous efforts of this week. With two quite minor exceptions, every item of business this week is to be piloted, for the Conservative Opposition, by that intrepid twister of Governmental tails.

And by way of citation for the first recommendation your scribe begs leave to add that the gallant Colonel is by far the wittiest and most ironically provocative of present-day Parliamentary speakers.

One of the leading Ministers has been heard to describe Colonel STANLEY as a "sarcastic devil." Certain it is that nobody can hold a candle to him in the present House.

The other day, for instance, Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS sharply told him that if he made any more sarcastic speeches there would be no more concessions on the emergency Budget. Brer STANLEY said nuff'n, but bided his time. It came.

The Financial Secretary to the Treasury announced this afternoon that the purchase-tax on radio batteries is to be thirty-three and one-third, instead of the fifty per cent. proposed in the emergency Budget. Everybody was pleased. But Colonel STANLEY was taking no chances. Rising gravely, he addressed the House with Oriental humility and elaboration.

"Not guns, but butter, must be the weapon of Members in future," he purred. "So I should like to say that the Chancellor, in accepting this cut in the tax, has shown courage, wisdom, humanity and all the qualities of statesmanship."

Sir STAFFORD seemed to have mixed feelings about this tribute. But Colonel STANLEY had not finished.

"I should like, further, to say that the learned Solicitor-General [Sir Frank Soskice], when he gave his reasons for resisting this amendment, showed courage, humanity, wisdom, and, in fact, the same qualities of statesmanship."

"In order that there may be no ill-feeling at all, I should like to add that we all feel certain that, had the occasion arisen, the Financial Secretary to the

**Impressions of Parliament****Business Done:**

**Monday, December 8th.**—House of Commons: Caught Short.

**Tuesday, December 9th.**—House of Commons: Long-Range Stuff.

**Wednesday, December 10th.**—House of Commons: Secrets!

**Thursday, December 11th.**—House of Commons: Apologies.

Treasury would have shown the same courage, wisdom, humanity and all the qualities of statesmanship, either in accepting or rejecting the amendment, as the case might be."

With that he sat down, and the Bill went through. The victims of his wit (to do them justice) were as amused as the rest. So very neat.

Soon afterwards, the House rose—some six hours early—because Air Commodore HARVEY, who had won the right to raise a subject on the motion for the adjournment, was not

**Impressions of Parliamentarians**

27. Mr. Malcolm McCorquodale (Epsom)

there. The subject: Desertion from the Forces.

Scorning to look a gift free evening in the agenda, Members of all Parties made a bee-line for "Other Places."

**TUESDAY, December 9th.**—Mr. MALCOLM MCCORQUODALE, the Conservative victor of the Epsom, by-election (caused by the resignation, on account of ill-health, of that popular House of Commons figure, Sir Archibald Southby), took his seat to-day.

And a very stately and military performance it was. The new Member is a giant, and he put into the short ceremony all the considerable dignity of which he is capable. There were cheers from the Conservative benches, but the Labour Members considered them too genteel and roared a

sort of supplementary cheer to the Tory basic. Mr. MCCORQUODALE accepted the unearned increment with good-humoured grace.

A piece of long-range artillery warfare between Mr. SHINWELL and Mr. EMBRY'S HUGHES amused the more quick-witted Members. Mr. SHINWELL mentioned that

he had read a speech by Mr. HUGHES, but "did not think much of it." That, for the moment, was that.

Some time later Mr. SHINWELL was answering another question, when Mr. HUGHES, all innocent-like, got up and commented that Mr. SHINWELL was endangering the great reputation he earned as Minister of Fuel by his present policy as War Minister.

Even the quick-firing Mr. SHINWELL had to admit that it was a direct hit, and the rest of the House gaily signalled a "bull" for the marksman from Wales.

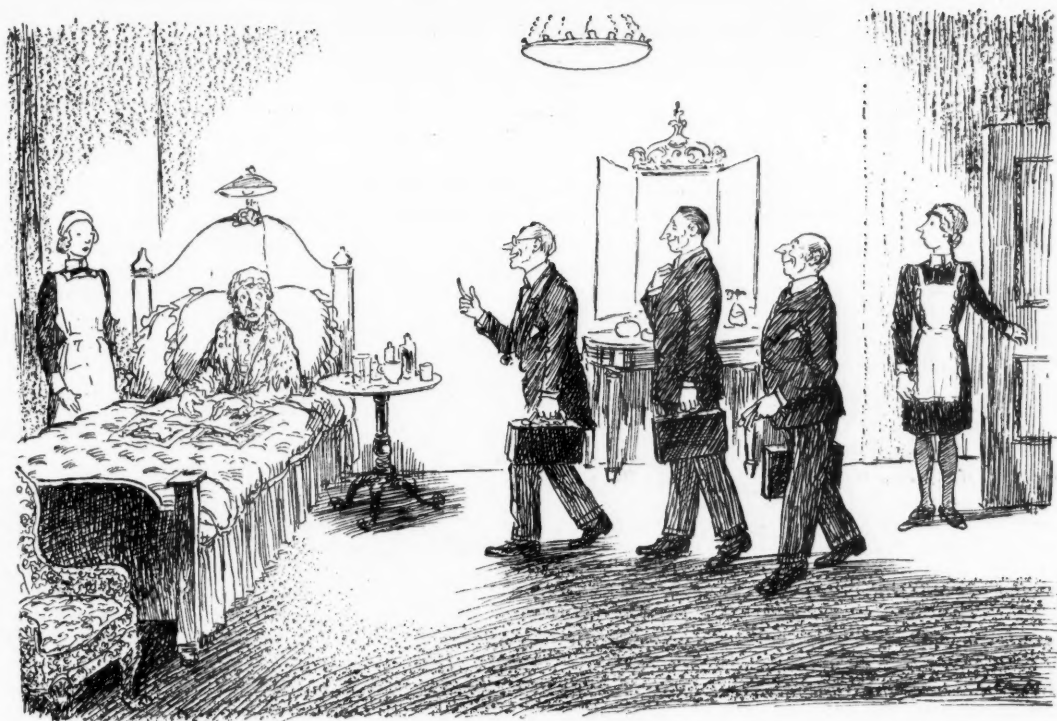
There was a lot more talk of seasonable things like excess profits tax, food, and income-tax arrears. But the Finance Bill was given a Third Reading without a division. Mr. GLENVIL HALL, who had done most of the piloting, took a modest bow.

Then there was a long discussion about the use of Service huts for housing, which Mr. DAVID RENTON advocated on the motion for the adjournment. The House rose willingly enough at half-past ten.

**WEDNESDAY, December 10th.**—Main interest was centred to-day on a motion, in the name of Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Lord President of the Council and Leader of the Commons, declaring that anyone who "corruptly" paid a Member for giving secret information might find himself in trouble with the House. Mr. MORRISON moved the motion with calmness and fairness, but some of his followers used neither somewhat scarce commodity in their speeches.

Mr. MORRISON's theme was that, two Members having been virtually ruined by recent cases in which they had been found guilty of trafficking in confidential information, it was not right that the newspapers which had received the information should get off scot-free. But, on the other hand, the newspapers might not have known that they were committing a Parliamentary offence, and his motion was designed as a red light, warning newspapers and anyone else that there was danger along the line.

Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN, Mr. ANTHONY EDEN and other Conservatives



"Wonderful news, Mrs. Goodington—the Medical Association has voted you last year's most interesting case."

pointed out that the red light was unnecessary, because it merely indicated that the House could do what it "thought fit" if anyone offended. As that was always the case with the supreme Parliament, there was a risk that the redness of the light might go unnoticed in the general glare of publicity.

Some of the Back-benchers on the Government side did not trouble to conceal their general dislike of a free Press—a dislike Mr. MORRISON (with obvious sincerity) was careful to disclaim.

Mr. JOSEPH MALLALIEU, himself a journalist and author, defended the integrity of the Lobby Correspondents, and proposed that they should be empowered to set up a sort of General Medical Council (or Inquisition) to exorcise those "devils" who let down the general high level of their professional conduct. It was an interesting (if possibly impracticable) suggestion.

The debate dragged on and, when all seemed finished, Mr. WILL NALLY, who has also earned a living as a contributor to the Press, rose and made a reference to the London *Evening Standard*, which had been

concerned in a recent case. Mr. Speaker failed to see what that paper had to do with the Motion. Mr. NALLY was inclined to argue the point, but the SPEAKER was determined not to allow any irrelevance and Mr. NALLY had to sit down. While he was busy collecting his thoughts, Mr. Speaker, clearly thinking he had abandoned his speech, formally put the Lord President's motion to the House and set in train the procedure of a division.

Mr. NALLY, however, had by now collected his scattered thoughts and rose up to continue his speech. But it was too late. With many Labour helpers Mr. NALLY secured the hat he must wear in order to raise a point of order during a division and, pale with rage, addressed the Chair.

He complained that he had been prevented from continuing his speech, and proclaimed that he was suffering under a sense of "personal injustice." A crowd of his sympathizers on the Government side yelled "Shame!" at the Chair, and when Mr. Speaker replied to the point of order, interrupted him with a shout of "No!" Neither of these forms of Parliamentary self-expression would have been approved by Sir Erskine May, the

great authority on procedure and etiquette.

However, Mr. Speaker took it all calmly, and the division went on, to carry the Government motion by 286 votes to 123. So it is now laid down that, if anyone offends, the House of Commons may "do as it thinks fit."

Third Reading of the Parliament Bill was passed.

**THURSDAY, December 11th.**—Two delightful things happened to-day. First, Mr. VAL McENTEE, one of the most popular men in the House, apologized for voting twice in last night's division—he said it was due to the mix-up with the SPEAKER. The second was an apology from Mr. Speaker if he had been "hasty" or unfair with Mr. NALLY.

The House, by its warm-hearted cheers, made it clear that both apologies were accepted. Mr. NALLY expressed his deep gratitude to the SPEAKER.

Then—Mr. HAROLD WILSON having announced that he had concluded a trade agreement with the Soviet Government—the House went on to discuss that distressful country, Palestine.



"Well, now, teeing off from here it's a good length drive through these departments, then a short approach and a couple of putts to the left."

## The Cosmic Mess

THREE by-elections—and three Liberal candidates "forfeited their deposit" of £150. Which seems to justify this column in referring once more to this queer feature of the electoral law. You may think that the ancient Liberal party has no great future: that it is unable or unlikely to provide the next Government: that its refusal to say "Die" is merely a piece of unprofitable heroics. But you cannot say that its candidates are "freaks" or "frivolous", which is the only excuse, this column understands, for the deposit nonsense. They may fail to judge correctly their appeal to the electors, as many great men have done. (If anyone could tell exactly what the electors were going to say there would not be much point in having an election.) But, there is no doubt, they genuinely believe that it would be a good thing if a great many

of them were elected to Parliament: and, as individuals, they offer to serve their country in that place. Why any citizen should be fined £150 for doing that, this column cannot understand—even if the citizen were a freak. In a free country even freaks have a right to be heard. After all, when the "Movement" by which we are governed to-day began, it consisted entirely of "freaks".

It has been calculated that if six hundred Liberals "forfeit their deposits" at the next Election the Treasury will net £90,000. But should the Crown make a profit out of a General Election?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Say not the struggle naught avail-eth." This column does not believe in deriding Ministers who make a concession which has been earnestly demanded and argued. For one thing,

as Sir Stafford Cripps tartly remarked, it does not encourage a Minister to yield again: and, for another, the point of democratic debate is to get people to change their minds. The following quotations are set forth with a different purpose, to show the doubtful or discouraged democrat that speech and argument do still have effect, that Ministers can still be moved, even when they are sitting pretty on an enormous rock of a majority (especially, of course, if some of the argument is rumbling inside the rock).

(Mr. Dalton, "Hansard," 15th April, 1947, Column 78.)

"I have carefully studied . . . the possibility of a tax on betting . . . It would, indeed, be possible, and not very difficult, to tax the 'totes,' both horse and dog, and the football pools. But we stand, and most of all the Labour Party stands, for justice: and to tax 'totes' and pools alone, and let the bookmakers go free, would be wrong, it would be unjust, it would be repudiated by all right-thinking men and women. On the other hand, to tax all forms of betting would present the most formidable administrative difficulties . . . I have no hope that where the right hon. Gentleman [Mr. Churchill] failed, I should succeed . . . Therefore I have regretfully decided to reject a tax on betting. . . ."

(Mr. Dalton, "Hansard," 12th November, 1947, Column 407.)

"I have had second thoughts about betting . . . I propose to levy a tax, at the rate of 10 per cent., on all money wagered with the dog totes . . . I do not propose to levy a duty of this kind on the horse totes. They are owned by the Racecourse Betting Control Board and are not run as the dog-totes are, for private profit, a very important distinction. The amount, about 10 per cent., which they already deduct from the sums staked, is devoted, after payment of expenses, to the improvement of horse-breeding: and I am advised by my right hon. Friend the Minister of Agriculture that good horses are good exports.

Nor am I going after the bookies on this occasion . . ."

(Sir Stafford Cripps, "Hansard," 17th November, 1947, Column 941.)

"So far as the horses are concerned, it has been explained that they already make a contribution to the national interest in the form of a fund which is put aside for breeding horses.

"So far as the bookies are concerned they have proved an insoluble problem to this House on a former occasion, and we do not wish to have our fingers burned by the bookies once again."

(An Hon. Member, "Hansard," 25th November, 1947, Column 1859, quoting the Eighteenth Report of the Racecourse Betting Control Board.)

"In the full year up to 31st August, 1946, the vast sum of £14,760 was spent to improve the breeding of horses, and, since then (that is, up to June this year), £34,400 has been spent for the same purpose. In other words, £14 million goes through the tote, and of that sum £34,000, less than 1d. in the pound, or about a quarter of 1 per cent., goes for horse-breeding. On that flimsy foundation



is erected this great idea of the value to this country of horse betting by the tote."

(No more was heard about horse-breeding.)

An Hon. Member (same day) and others:

"I hope that to-night the Chancellor will give us an assurance that this is only an instalment . . ."

(Sir Stafford Cripps, "Hansard," 25th November, 1947, Column 1923.)

"I agree with one thing that was said . . . that this Government are certainly more courageous than the Government of which the right hon. Member for Woodford [Mr. Churchill] was a Member, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1926 . . . We shall certainly watch the bookies . . . and if it proves in the event that the tax ought to be extended to them, we shall, no doubt, take our courage in both hands and see what we can do about it."

(Sir Stafford Cripps, "Hansard," 2nd December, 1947, Column 300.)

"I take the view, therefore, that we must certainly go into the question whether or not, and if so how, we can equalize this tax over the bookmakers, as well as the tote . . . I would ask the Committee . . . to let us have this Clause as the initiation of a new tax for an emergency purpose, and to give us time to work out the sequel in the light of what happens, so that we can get a sound method to apply to the bookmakers."

Thus right and reason stumble along. The "insoluble problem" must now "certainly" be considered: and where Mr. Dalton had "no hope" of succeeding, his successor, at least, proposes to try. *Vivat Democratia!*

\* \* \* \* \*

One loud chuckle, at least, was heard in this column's neighbourhood about one item in the Government's programme for the reduction of capital expenditure. The Cromwell Road extension scheme is to be postponed. In other words, our old local enemy "The Road . . ." How long ago was it—thirty-seven—thirty-eight—"the Road" first set us by the ears, and drove us into all the business of committees, Fighting Funds, deputations, Town Meetings, and so on? "The Road" was to roar through our quiet corner, rooting up old buildings, ruining our peace, between King Street, Hammersmith, and the Thames. All to let strange motor-cars, we cried, rush past our homes more rapidly and dangerously! All because, they said, King Street, the exit-road from Hammersmith Broadway, was too narrow, a "bottle-neck". Then why, we yelled, not *widen* King Street, *remove* the bottle-neck—instead of creating a new "artery", eighty to one hundred yards from the old one, and destroying an ancient corner of tranquillity? We had a fierce Town's Meeting. We "objected" to the Private Bill, forced it on to the floor of

the House, and had a hot debate. We were busy with architects and alternative plans. At one point, this column remembers, we were flinging a new bridge over the river. We pleaded for delay, just a year's delay, for the alternatives to be considered. No, no, they said, it would not brook delay; the thing was urgent and vital. The Bill went brutally through, and sullenly we returned to our threatened homes. Then came that war: and the scheme—the urgent, vital, essential scheme—was put aside. Somehow the Great War was won without it. Since the war we have been expecting the horrid road-makers every month. And now, nearly ten years since they refused us a year's delay, the darned thing is back in the pigeon-hole again. "It's an ill wind . . ." Hooray!

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Budget was designed to mop up inflationary pressure." (The Solicitor-General, *Hansard*, December 2nd, Column 266.) Full marks for this new image. We have been "mopping up purchasing power" and "counter-acting inflationary pressure" for some time. But never before, this column believes, have we got as far as mopping up inflationary pressure. Some high artist, it is to be hoped, will try to make the picture clearer than it is. This column can only see a vast Mrs. Partington, disguised as the Treasury, and busy with her mop at the base of a vast balloon. By the way, let's face it, does any of this make the smallest sense? The danger of "inflation", this

column believes, is that prices will rise and the value of the pound descend. Right? Well, this "anti-inflationary" Budget raises the price of beer, whisky, wines, some forms of betting, and all articles subject to Purchase Tax except bicycles and motor-cars. So, for citizens who insist still on purchasing the said commodities, the value of the pound has already gone down with a wallop. And these citizens will be very numerous; for the basic assumption (not confirmed in this column's domestic circle) is that there is "too much money" about. Is it not, then—considering the very wide area of higher taxes, and, therefore, higher prices—practically a pro-inflationary Budget? Suppose that all the citizens, undeterred by the taxes, continue to buy just as much of the said commodities; will the Budget have been a good thing? This column has wandered from place to place putting this question to the wise men, and it has not got a firm answer yet. Some say "Yes. For, at least, the Government will have 'mopped up' some easy money: and it will have a big surplus". But what will it do with it? It has just, most nobly, cut down its own programme of spending. It will, then, surely, have "too much money chasing too few goods". And where the deuce shall we be then? It could, of course, cut down taxation. But then the citizen will be said to have too much money again. All this shows how simple, though tiresome, economics is—or are.

A. P. H.



"Mrs. Preston, 18 Ash Road—fused blanket."

THE voice we should hear rising to that sunny stone chamber in the castle of Vaucouleurs should be "bright, strong, and rough." That is SHAW's direction; later we learn that the voice of *Joan* is "normally a hearty, coaxing voice, very confident, very appealing, very hard to resist." Coaxing, yes; appealing, yes; but strong, rough, hearty—those are not epithets for Miss CELIA JOHNSON. The opening puzzled; here was an actress of high sincerity and charm who appeared to be away from both her own world and *Joan's*. Then revelation came; as the play grew we saw that though the fragile, soft-toned girl might not seem to be the Joan of the bridge of Orleans, she was without doubt—more than any Joan in at least one remembrance—the Maid inspired, she to whom the bell of Rheims called so surely: "Dear-child-of-God."

The bell speech is dangerous—for some Joans it is what the bridge of Orleans was to the Maid in life—but Miss JOHNSON takes it now with a fine rapture. She is, indeed, the dear child of God; thenceforward, through the agony of the Trial, though faith may be tested sorely and the country maid listens in bewildered grief to other voices, mild, stern, pleading—all in their fashion fanatical—we know that faith upholds her, and we glory in the last cry: "He wills that I go through the fire to His bosom." Miss JOHNSON, in this scene, must touch every heart; at the end of the play, after the processional epilogue—vivid, but still as superfluous as it was in 1924—the radiance that descends on *Joan* does shine for a moment upon a saint. The actress may give us half only of the part: none on our stage could express that half with more sensitive beauty, a word that here comes naturally to the tongue. Some Joans would fit into a play called *The Lass of Lorraine*; Miss JOHNSON is, very simply, *Saint Joan* and no other.

The Old Vic cast, under Mr. JOHN BURRELL, frames her richly. The *Dauphin* can be a bore; he is not one now when Mr. ALEC GUINNESS, at times resembling a Cruikshank sketch, looks—as SHAW lays it down—exactly

## At the Play

*Saint Joan* (NEW)—*The Blind Goddess* (APOLLO)—*John Bull's Other Island* (EMBASSY)

like "a young dog accustomed to be kicked, yet incorrigible and irrepressible." Mr. GUINNESS in these parts is an unmatched fantasm. Mr. BERNARD MILES doubles *de Baudricourt* and the *Inquisitor* with fluent ease; Mr. MARK DIGNAM is a steely *Cauchon*; and Mr. JOHN CLEMENTS (*Dunois*) and Mr. HARRY ANDREWS, a superb blazon as *Warwick*, join in the best revival for years. We need say little of a play celebrated for its honesty, and for its refusal to use the clichés of clanking

and for the wigs on the green (or on the battlefield of Hastings) in the libel action midway. Since Sir PATRICK is at once judge and jury, prosecuting and defending counsel, we are content to leave it in his hands. It is not profitable to cross-examine him, though people who haunt the theatre hoping that a too, too solid plot will melt may challenge his treatment of certain passages. Mr. BASIL RADFORD, even if he appears now and then to seek the absent Mr. Wayne,

shows how good he can be in forensic ding-dong; and there are sound performances by Miss JOAN HAYTHORNE, Mr. PETER FOLLISS, and—though one has known her more commanding—Miss MARIAN SPENCER. For me the light of the evening is the last collapse of Mr. WYNDHAM GOLDIE (First Villain), a cunningly-judged bit of crumpling; here the actor wins grudging sympathy for a rogue who has towered over the stage like a spotless marble pillar.

So back to SHAW for the rarely-seen *John Bull's Other Island*, in which Mr. HILTON EDWARDS (of the Dublin Gate Company) made a grandly comic figure of the Saxon with the west in his eyes, swimming against the tide of the Blarney River. Some of the support was moderate; but Mr. EDWARDS, with Mr. MICHAEL MACLIAMMOIR's *Larry* and Miss MERIEL MOORE's *Norah* to help him, caused us to wonder at the play's unjust neglect. For neglect it is: years have passed since we last heard *Keegan's* eloquent "one-in-three" speech. Certainly we could have spared some of the revivals of *Pygmalion* for a more frequent sight of John Bull kicking up his heels among the peat and cheering for Home Rule.

The play is SHAW's reply to the English stage version of an Irishman; it is, at the same time, a warning to all townspeople who still patronize the simple country yokel (and who cannot hear Pat or Hodge or Giles laughing behind their backs).

J. C. T.



(The Blind Goddess)

### STIRRING MOMENT IN COURT

Derek Waterhouse . . . . .	MR. PETER FOLLISS
Lord Brasted . . . . .	MR. WYNDHAM GOLDIE
Lady Brasted . . . . .	MISS MARIAN SPENCER
Sir John Dering, K.C. . . . .	MR. BASIL RADFORD

pageant, or dire jests in black-letter from the mediaeval side of Wardour Street. (The opening line, "No eggs! No eggs!" won a first-night laugh that the author could not have foreseen.)

It is far from *Joan's* trial to the Lord Chief Justice's Court in London. The time is the present, but Sir PATRICK HASTINGS's drama might have been received without alarm at the Edwardian St. James's. Edwardian playwrights were not ribbon-builders. They thought of a play as something compactly-plotted, logically-developed; Sir PATRICK's would not disappoint. He has not hesitated to use a few of the "well-made" devices; when it becomes necessary for the villain's wife to gain certain information, a butler

## At the Opera

*Idomeneo* (TOWN HALL, OXFORD)  
*Don Giovanni* (CAMBRIDGE THEATRE)

THERE is a peculiar pleasure in hearing a performance such as that of *Idomeneo* at Oxford, given by young people in their first flush of discovery of the beauties of MOZART. There is nothing that can equal the joy of that first discovery. You play one of his works for the first time and are bewitched by the shimmering loveliness enshrined in the few notes scattered upon the page of his score. Later you play the same work again—and find that something mysterious, elusive, something that was not there before, lurks beneath that shining surface. The more you try to discover what it is the further it recedes from you. Somewhere beneath your piano keys, or inside your fiddle, are imprisoned sounds that you can dimly imagine but never reach. What is this unheard music? Nobody knows.

The characters in *Idomeneo* have a statuesqueness that shows the influence of Gluck on the youthful MOZART, and this quality was stressed in this very successful production by the Oxford University Opera Club. The setting—an Ionic colonnade—and the action were simple and dignified and the cast tackled the technical problems of the big arias with amazing success. THELMA WEEKS was a charming *Ilia*, and ENID HASTINGS, whose raven-haired good looks suited the rôle of *Elektra* to perfection, sang with flexibility and excellent intonation; but she lacked the vocal power to deliver the violent outbursts that MOZART has written for this passionate character. Her cries for vengeance came rather oddly in such cool, dulcet tones, punctuated with calm and unruffled circumambulations of the stage. EDWARD MANNING was a dignified *Idomeneo* and DAVID GALLIVER, who has a small but musical tenor voice, sang *Idamante*. The chorus, all-important in this opera, was first-rate, and the enthusiasm of this crowd of Cretans and Trojan prisoners shone even through the most luxuriant of beards. *Idomeneo*, however, apparently did not always confine his warlike exploits to capturing Trojans. One of his captives, tall and beardless, with hollow eyes and a crick in the neck from asceticism (or perhaps from eyeblick and watching the conductor) seemed to be a saint captured, crick and all, off a Byzantine fresco. Was he, one wondered, a Trojan, an Anachronism, or a Triumph of Modern Scholarship? He was most appealing, whatever he was.



"Now here's one I thought you'd like. The hero suffers from what you've had!"

It is to J. A. WESTRUP, Heather Professor of Music, that the success of this production was largely due, and he obtained excellent playing from the orchestra. The set was designed by DENIS SERGEANT and the production was by ANTHONY BESCH. The opera was sung in a very good English translation by MAISIE and EVELYN RADFORD.

The production of *Don Giovanni* at the Cambridge Theatre has the great virtue of dramatic continuity. The brilliant *Leporello* of ITALO TAJO is the most important single factor in the success of this charming production, and BRUCE BOYCE, the American baritone, has both the voice and the stage presence for the rôle of the amorous *Don*. The whole performance has improved greatly since it was first

presented a few weeks ago, and will doubtless improve still more. The *Zerlina* of DARYA BAYAN is her best operatic rôle so far. ALBERTO EREDE conducts. D. C. B.

## Rational Psychology

SHE who wastes her butter is a snob and nothing more she who wastes her sugar is a glutton to the core she who wastes her cooking fat has nerve enough for three but the perfect type of criminal is she who wastes her tea I wonder if you could possibly lend me just the weeniest

pinch  
till Monday.





"It should be interesting to see what the reaction of the bull mastiff at The Gables is to AUXILIARY postmen."

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Greece and the Greeks

NOT even in Ireland are past and present so interwoven as in Greece where Mycenaean masonry served the Germans for gun-emplacements and memories of Justinian's wide-flung empire are still disturbingly alive. In a brilliant and informative description by pen and brush of the *Classical Landscape with Figures* (splendidly produced by JOHN MURRAY, 15/-) that is Greece of to-day Mr. OSBERT LANCASTER convincingly and wittily proves that its memorials of an unexcelled past greatness do not of themselves alone confer upon Greece its uniqueness among the nations. Greece without the Greeks would no longer be Greece. Of the people themselves with their peculiarly involved racial ancestry, their—remembering that ancestry, hardly surprising—"striking nonconformity to type," their "almost terrifying realism," their love of company and—least attractive trait—of noise, and their unfashionable eighteenth-century notion that the State exists for the benefit of the individual and not the individual for the benefit of the State, Mr. LANCASTER writes with humorous tolerance and understanding born of a sincere liking for this formidably intelligent, exasperating, and ill-fated race. He is no less gifted and witty in the use of paint-brush and drawing-pen. By economy of line and a brilliantly effective use of colour Mr. LANCASTER succeeds in his drawings and paintings in making the sun-drenched, crystalline Greek atmosphere come quiveringly alive.

I. F. D. M.

### Excalibur

Of all the "seven sunken Englands" that Chesterton visualized, Arthurian Britain was the first to hold Christian civilization against infiltrating heathendom. And exactly as G. K. C. portrayed the next stand, Alfred's, because it was and always will be typical, Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD has produced his own reading of the achievement of Arthur and its crowning mercy the Battle of Badon Hill. *Badon Parchments* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) describes what befell dismembered Britain when the Romans left—"red ruin, and the breaking up of laws"—in the formal prose of a Byzantine chronicler accredited, with Arthur himself, to bring help from and report back to Justinian. To have forgone his own medium and left Tennyson the last poetic word must have gone hard with the Laureate. The theme, however, is immortal and here is a unique handling of it. First the envoys appear at the West-country court of Aurelian, a feeble old monarch who has lent too kindly an ear to heathen protestations. Aurelian's council meets—knaves and honest men, fools and wise ones. The barbarians are credited and the Imperial mission dismissed to organize resistance elsewhere. Rhetoric, in the noble Aristotelian sense, opens the book, action ends it. Even Mr. MASEFIELD's homing wind-jammers are not more thrilling than the destruction of the heathen bridge of boats by British archery.

H. P. E.

### The Discoverer of Insulin

Although written in somewhat too flamboyant a style, Dr. LLOYD STEVENSON's life of *Sir Frederick Banting* (HEINEMANN, 25/-), the great Canadian scientist who discovered insulin, is a valuable book. An impressively grim and resolute character, Frederick Banting, who served with a field-ambulance in the first world-war, won the M.C., which he had already earned on a number of occasions. Returning to Canada, he set up in practice, but having hit on the hypothesis which led to his great discovery he began with a friend, Professor Best, the experiments which ended in the isolation of insulin. Its efficacy in curing diabetes brought Banting world-wide fame. "From near and distant points in Canada and the United States," Dr. LLOYD STEVENSON writes, "from Europe, from the ends of the earth, the sick and weary pilgrims turned their faces toward this new Mecca." In 1923 he was awarded the Nobel Prize, together with Professor Macleod, whom Banting did not think so deserving of this honour as Professor Best, and whose name he therefore insisted should be placed after his own in the award. His career was one of the most beneficent in modern times, and it is a tragedy that it should have been cut short in an aeroplane accident, when Banting was only fifty.

H. K.

### Thunder in a Minor Key

The Third Volume of the History of *The Times*, issued from Printing House Square under the title *The Twentieth Century Test* (21/-), is a curiously unbalanced piece of work. Meticulously careful in detail, with an accuracy after the heart of editor GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE—drawing attention in a list of *errata*, for instance, to the omission of a full point at the bottom of page 585—it yet gives the impression that while all the world abroad waited on its pronouncements, domestic politics interested the journal hardly at all. Here is chapter after chapter of a really fascinating recapitulation of continental history for which the brilliance of its foreign correspondents is the ostensible occasion, yet repeatedly its relevance to the book's main topic is in

danger of being lost in the intrinsic interest of the record. No doubt German and Russian chancellors were persistently treating the comments of the paper's representatives as if they came direct from the Foreign Office, and it is natural enough for editors to take a similar view. A full and still smouldering account of the Parnell forgery, a rankling episode in which *The Times* was never given an honest deal, is included, and there is a considerable note on the growth of the popular press, but otherwise the volume is pre-occupied with the colourful if barren detail of squabbling intrigues, secret meetings and concealed identities connected with financial reconstruction. It closes, in 1912, with Lord Northcliffe controlling a Thunderer whose circulation is down to a mere dribble; but happily at the end there is a hint of better days to come. C. C. P.

### John Bull Seeks a Change.

The Gilpin family's only recorded holiday had, if we are to believe Mrs. Gilpin, twice ten holidayless years behind it. We are now, Mr. J. A. R. PIMLOTT says, on the verge of compulsory annual holidays with pay; though one gathers that the compulsion applies for the moment to the employer and not to the holiday-maker. One might, however, be sentenced to a holiday camp by a State psycho-therapist in the not so remote future; so it is just as well to realize the social, political and industrial forces behind *The Englishman's Holiday* (FABER, 16/-). The story opens entertainingly with spas, watering-places and the Grand Tour. Roughly, one can divide all holiday-makers into those who seek to acquire something from their new environment and those who seek to impose themselves on it. "Brighton," said Granville, "is London maritimized." This imposition, so often resented by its victims—the Welsh, for instance, of Snowdonia—is, unluckily, the one that most interests the writer. The really promising line—a Grand Tour for everybody—is the Youth Hostels'; and a Congregational minister of the 'nineties was its pioneer. Continental playgrounds are dealt with more sympathetically than they deserve; and Mr. PIMLOTT has omitted from his amusing collection of contemporary satire *Tartarin de Tarascon's* impressive initiation into English Alpine society. H. P. E.

### To a Better Drama

Few who really care for the theatre will disagree much with Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY's searching diagnosis in *Theatre Outlook* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6) of current maladies, (though this is to some extent invalidated by a sweeping and rather childish attack on present dramatic critics); nor fail to share his desire to clear the stage of rubbish and gambling and give it back the vitality it used to have. He sees as the chief villains a rapacious State, returning a mere £65,000 a year through the Arts Council from the crippling sums taken in Entertainment Duty whether or not a play is paying; the cinema, ruthlessly kidnapping actors of talent as soon as they are found by the stage; and the theatre owners, forcing up rents to monstrous figures. Mr. PRIESTLEY's solution of these troubles is more controversial. Briefly, he would like a National Theatre Authority, "representing various interests of the dramatic profession," with powers to allot theatres, break monopolies, and set up an organization whose different levels would be topped by several companies, each a public corporation, guaranteed against loss by the Treasury and as good as they could possibly be made. This all sounds very fine, but just at the moment we are tasting some of the sourer fruit of non-competitive planning, and we wonder

if so omnipotent a body might not quickly develop an even deader hand than that of the commercial managers. Mr. PRIESTLEY's great admiration for the Soviet theatre is probably responsible for his further suggestion of a special honour, carrying privileges, as the reward of good work; but it is hard to imagine any British actor caring much to be a Hero of the Histrionic Union. E. O. D. K.

### Lord Hardinge

LORD HARDINGE OF PENSHURST, who was born in 1858, resigned his position as Ambassador at Paris towards the close of 1922, after a long and distinguished public career, during which he had served at Constantinople, Sofia, Berlin, and Washington, been Ambassador at Paris and St. Petersburg, Viceroy of India, and for many years Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office. *Old Diplomacy* (JOHN MURRAY, 18/-), a selection from his memoirs, is an interesting book, straightforward, forcible and individual in tone. The author had strong likes and dislikes and gives free expression to both. Of the chiefs under whom he served Lord Dufferin was his favourite. At the other extreme was an Ambassador who brought his mistress to Constantinople, a fact, Lord HARDINGE says, which was soon known to everyone and did not add to his prestige. During the first world-war and the subsequent peace negotiations Lord HARDINGE studied Lloyd George at close quarters, and while crediting him with a great share in winning the war found him quite unmanageable in his foreign policy, which he was always conducting behind the back of his Foreign Secretary, Lord Curzon, with whom, in other respects, Lord HARDINGE shows himself decidedly out of sympathy. H. K.



## An International Matter

IT was a thorn that seemed centuries old; hollow, but huger than one had thought thorns could be; and it leaned out from the top of a high bank over the road, and, after its ages of life, was at last dead, and had been dead for some years.

"Gogan," said Mr. Heston to his steward, "you haven't had that thorn cut yet, and it's getting more dangerous every day. It will fall on somebody's head."

"Sure, I'll get it done, sir," said the steward. "Only we're just after getting the harvest in, and there's a lot of work to be done on the farm."

"I know that," said Heston. "But you've been saying that off and on for two years. Now, get it done to-morrow."

"But who will I get, sir?" said Gogan.

"Get Geraghty," said his master.

"Very well, sir," said Gogan. "Only Geraghty is very busy just now mending the hay-barn."

"I know," said Heston; "but get him to-morrow."

Gogan drew in his breath and breathed out again, as one must do to live; but he seemed to express something more than the mere need of air in the lungs. Though Heston was not quite sure what. And Gogan walked away.

"Have him here at nine o'clock," said Heston.

"Very well, sir," said Gogan.

At half-past-nine next morning Heston went to the old tree, and very soon saw Geraghty walking along the road towards it with an axe, but walking very slowly.

"Geraghty," he said, "I want that tree cut down. It's dangerous."

"And I'm the very man to do it for you," said Geraghty.

"That's right," said Heston. "Then, go ahead."

And Geraghty walked up to the tree and took off his coat and spat on his hands and put his hands to the axe and lifted it high, and looked up at the blade.

"Begob," said he, "the edge is very blunt."

"Never mind," said Heston. "It will do to cut the old tree."

"I wouldn't say that, sir," said Geraghty. "Sure, I must sharpen it."

"Well, be quick about it, if you must," said Heston.

"I will, sir," said Geraghty, and walked away down the road at the same pace at which he had come. And he sharpened the axe for three

days. At the end of that time Geraghty was ill, and the doctor certified that he could do no more work for a fortnight.

"I won't wait a fortnight," said Heston to his steward. "You must get another man to do it."

"That might be difficult," said Gogan.

"What is the difficulty?" Heston asked him.

"They are all engaged on other work," said the steward. "And we haven't as many men as we used to have."

"Then take one of them off the other work," said Heston.

"They seem to prefer the work they are doing," said Gogan.

"Well, tell one of them to do this. It will only take him a day."

"It might be hard to get any of them to leave the work they are at," said the steward.

"Look here," said Heston, "why won't they cut that tree?"

"It's hard to say, sir," said Gogan. "They don't say they won't cut it. Only—"

"I know," said Heston. "Only it doesn't get cut. What is their real objection?"

"That's a bit hard to get at, sir," said the steward. "Of course there are lots of things they don't talk about. Anyway, not to me."

"Well, if you can't get them to do it," said Heston, "I'll get the County Council to move in the matter. They are responsible for the safety of people using the roads."

"Very well, sir," said Gogan.

And Heston wrote to the County Council, and they gave an order that

the tree was to be cut, and enclosed a typed copy of the order. And every wind seemed the last that the old tree would stand. But still it stood there, threatening the road with great arms stretched out over it, and seeming ready to clutch at each passer-by. Weeks and months went their way, and Mr. Heston wrote to the County Council again to ask when the tree would be cut. "In due course," came back the answer from the secretary.

"You might ask the priest about it, sir," said his steward one day.

"I will not," said Heston. "That tree has got to be cut, and I won't be put off any longer. The County Council must be made to do it. And I'll get an order from Dublin that they'll have to obey."

So he went to see the deputy for that part of the county, who sat in the Dail, Mr. Timmins, T.D.

"Look here," he said when they met, "there's a tree on the road by my wall which is dead, and will fall one of these days and kill somebody. And I've written twice to the County Council to tell them about it, and they won't cut it down. Would you get an order from the Ministry, like a good fellow, that will make the County Council do their obvious duty?"

"What kind of a tree is it?" asked Timmins.

"It's just an old thorn," said Heston.

"Is it the White Thorn?" asked Timmins.

"Yes, it's a white thorn," said Heston.

"But is it *the* White Thorn?" asked the Deputy.

"Well, I believe that's what they call it," said Heston. "What is there about that tree?"

"I don't know that," said Timmins. "Sure, I don't know at all. But at the same time, it's like this: these are very difficult times all over Europe. All over the world, you might say. And Ireland's no exception. And I wouldn't ask the Government to order the County Council to do a thing like that just now."

"Why not?" asked Heston.

"Well," said the Deputy, "if the people knew that the Government were taking any action against the White Thorn (and whatever there is in the old tree I don't know) the people might turn them out of office; and that might have a bad effect on international affairs, the way things are just at present."

So Heston gave it up. ANON.







"It's for the Hall—but goodness knows what's inside."

## Home Rails

I AM to report that the biannual Board Meeting of the Loft and District Railway passed off as smoothly as I suppose could be expected. It's true the Chairman opened the proceedings by sloshing cocoa on his dressing-gown and the Secretary lost a jam tart for a short time down the front of her pyjamas, but, as any really big business-man will tell you, if you don't happen to be one yourself, little incidents like these are the ordinary currency of such affairs.

"I'm sure we're all agreed it's been a jolly successful season," said the Chairman, glancing round the meeting with a forty-thousand-a-year smirk, while he dabbed his torso surreptitiously with blotting-paper.

"Culminating," I added, "in last Sunday's all-time disaster."

The Chairman did not conceal his displeasure.

"All the same," I said, "that kind of thing gets a railway a bad name. The Company's engineers should be severely reprimanded."

"The Chief Inspector's report has just come in, and it completely clears the engineers. The reason why the 4.15 jumped the rails and piled up in the tunnel was that the tunnel had been moved a whole inch out of position." The Chairman gave me a very dirty look. "Some disgustingly heavy and clumsy body must have bashed into it."

I took my feet off the table as inconspicuously as I could.

"Be that as it may," I said (a phrase of which I get fonder every day), "in view of the gravity of the goods-wagon position, to which Sir Stafford Cripps recently alluded in terms more eloquent than I should personally attempt, we simply can't afford disasters, from whatever cause. All three tunnels should be screwed to the floor."

"He may have something there," observed the Secretary tersely.

"Suggestion noted," barked the Chairman.

"What news from the hospital?" I asked.

"The driver, who was Murgatroyd, one of our most reliable men, has had his nose re-coloured this afternoon. They're still having trouble with the Highlander's bayonet."

"I always said it was madness to let him racket about in the truck," said the Secretary. "He's frightfully unsteady on his legs."

"He's not the first Highlander to be that," I told her. "How about posting him to the War Office? With O.H.M.S. on the envelope, of course?"

"Very well," grunted the Chairman. "Now, what's all this about sacking the porter at Weston-super-Mare?"

"I couldn't be sorrier for the poor chap," I said, "but you must see what a false picture of the town incoming passengers get when his head keeps dropping off at their feet? I wonder we haven't had a protest from the Corporation."

"It'll mean another row with the Union," the Secretary objected.

"What about promoting him to be attendant in the Pullman car?" asked the Chairman, who wouldn't have reached the top of the tree if he didn't occasionally have glimmers of diplomacy. "We can stick a napkin on his arm and the windows are so small nobody'll be any the wiser if his head does drop off."

"So long as he keeps it out of the soup."

"It would mean we could transfer that blue-faced man from the down platform at Pontypool," said the Secretary.

So that was decided upon.

"May I again raise the question of station advertising?" I asked. "Hardly any of the goods advertised have been available for at least forty years, and none of them pay us a bean."

"Things'll look awfully bare if we pull them all down."

"Why not get some local ones? The parish magazine could do with a little scientific boosting, and I'm sure Priny would jump at the idea of having his milk spread across the waiting-room at Stringers Halt."

"But surely we couldn't ask them to pay?"

"Railway publicity is very valuable. The victim is caught when he's tired. I think we could decently ask a penny a month."

"Why, we could start a fund for having Pontypool done up!"

"I should sting old Juniper while you're about it. Goodness knows, he stings us. 'JUNIPER FOR ODD-JOB

GARDENING—THE BULGIEST BICEPS IN SURREY' would give Weston-super-Mare a bit of tone."

"I'll call on the vicar to-morrow," said the Secretary.

"Well, if that's all, Mr. Chairman," said I, getting up.

"There is just one other thing." Chairman and Secretary exchanged shifty glances and glued their eyes to their toes. "It's about engines. Of course a new one is quite out of the question."

"Not the least doubt about that," I agreed warmly.

"On the other hand Sir Lancelot is getting ropier every day. His spring is only fixed in with chewing-gum, and if it really goes the L. and D.R. will have had it. It happens we've been offered a most suitable loco by another line."

"That's news to me," I said.

"We thought it a matter to be reserved for the full Board."

"Even second-hand engines cost a packet."

"Actually this isn't second, it's ninth. But it goes like a Vampire."

"How much?"

"Ten bob."

A subtle change in the atmosphere, which will be familiar to all seasoned Boardsters, was apparent. It indicated that the financial nub was at hand.

"In other words, the junior director is requested to take up a further debenture?"

"It looks rather like that," murmured the Secretary.

"I'll consult my solicitor in the morning," I said coldly. ERIC.

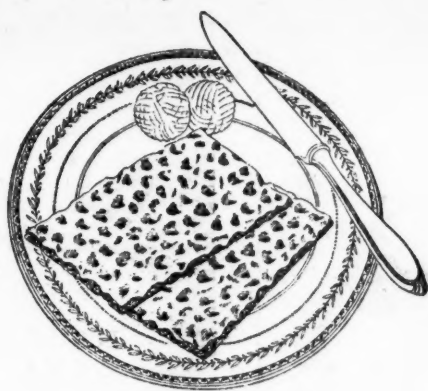
## Intimations of Female Mortality

THE years upon me grow,  
My future lustre lacks.  
Since conversational gambits show  
One choice alone remains below—  
I must become a Trout  
Or else a Battle Axe,  
An old Trout, a stout Trout  
(Ah, let us face the facts)  
Or else—and watch me lay about—  
An ancient Battle Axe.

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*Fine, thanks!*

*I eat crisp,  
crunchy RYVITA  
as my daily bread*



**RYVITA**

**Mr Jolly**



**Mr Jaded**



It's not problems in the office, but poisons in the system that get a man down. Now, look at Mr. Jolly. His eyes are bright, his judgement clear, and as for his energy—well, what does he care if he has got plenty on his plate. He takes Eno in the morning. He's as fit as they make 'em and you can't keep a fit man down. Jolly Mr. Jolly!

**Eno's 'Fruit Salt'**  
for cheerful livers

**MARMITE** for success  
with soups. You'll be quite certain of good soup if you add a little Marmite. It not only improves the flavour, it also adds essential vitamins of the B<sub>2</sub> group which help to keep you healthy. Always use Marmite for soups, stews, gravies, and all meat and vegetable dishes—it makes them better and more tasty.



**MARMITE.** A concentrated Yeast Extract containing Vitamins of the B<sub>2</sub> complex. Riboflavin - 1.5 mg. per oz. Niacin - 16.5 mg. per oz.  
In Jars: 1 oz. 8d. 2 oz. 1/1  
4 oz. 2/- 8 oz. 3/3 16 oz. 5/9  
from all Grocers and Chemists.



Mr. Brown trudged home from town  
As the rain came tumbling down.  
He wondered, was this life worth while?  
Then on his face there came a smile!



**WHOOPS—**

**Batchelor's**  
**SOUPS!**

You ask for Batchelor's Peas as a matter of course. Now look out for Batchelor's Soups! Not yet plentiful, of course, because Batchelor's *insist* on quality before quantity. But you should be able to get your share of Batchelor's Windsor Vegetable or Tomato—both delicious!





I never get tired  
of her smile.

*Familiarity breeds content, eh?*

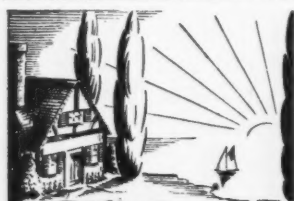
So she should be, with her  
looks and personality.

*With a capital 'P,' of course!*

**Personality** ☆  
☆ TURTLE OIL SOAP

More than a soap—a Beauty Treatment.

2/3 PER TABLET (2 RATIONS)  
PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LTD. ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH



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... when lovely "Moderna"  
Blankets will again be available to all.  
Export only now. But British homes  
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their luxurious comfort, sheer beauty  
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Pure lamb's wool throughout.  
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**MODERNA  
BLANKETS**

THOS. RATCLIFFE & CO. LTD.  
MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.



*Morning freshness*

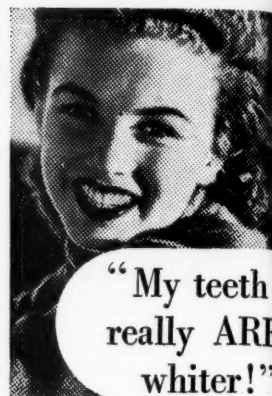
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you feel in throat and mouth after the morning gargle  
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substance is known to dental science.  
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natural lustre of your teeth. It  
leaves them polished, gleaming like  
pearls—whiter than you have seen  
them since you were a child! Use  
Pepsodent twice a day—see your  
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*It's the Irium in  
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that gives you  
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## DIGBY MORTON talks to Ann Seymour

Ann Seymour, editor of *WOMAN AND BEAUTY*, interviewed Digby Morton, the distinguished British couturier who first showed the many possibilities for tremendous elegance that lay in what used to be loosely described as 'tweeds.'

What type of material do you like working with, Mr. Morton?

It depends on the type of clothes, but for suits, a firm well-constructed material, about 12 to 14 ounces.

When you say well-constructed, what exactly do you mean?

A material which has draping qualities, not a hard and unyielding fabric that ends in a pucker every time it is stitched and can't be shrunk into shape.

And would you say that British woollens are the best in the world?

Undoubtedly, wool is to Britain what silk is to France.

How do you view the prospects of British woollens?

There is world demand for British woollens and the present increase in the right designs combined with good styling will ensure British wool fabrics and fashions a leading place in international fashions.

An interview sponsored by

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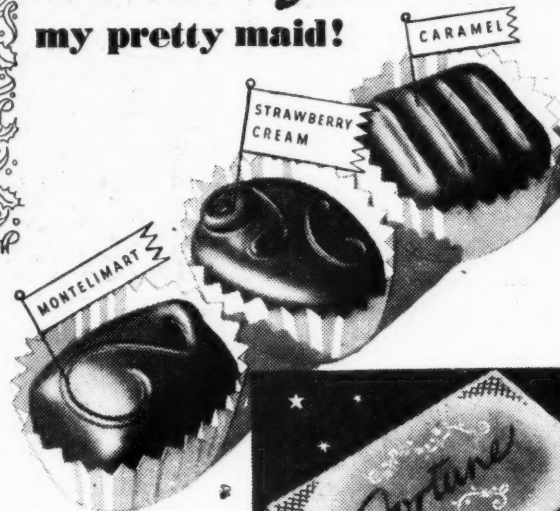


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Try your stationer or jeweller for: the new Eversharp 4-square pencil in black or pastel shades at 6/-; the silver-plated Eversharp at 8/8 or 11/4; solid silver at 27/6 or 36/8; the Kingswood pens by Eversharp cost 14/- or 20/-. And the gold-filled Eversharp at 36/8 to 45/10. (Prices include P.T.)

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FULL OF GOOD  
 CHEER



**WILKINSON'S**  
 LIQUORICE  
 ALLSORTS

**Christmas  
 Fare**

Here are recipes for popular Christmas items. You'll find that, though they're not extravagant with ingredients, they give you the traditional Christmassy flavour.

**CHRISTMAS CAKE**

3 oz. sugar, 4 oz. margarine, 3 level tablespoons warmed treacle or syrup, 8 oz. plain flour, 1/2 level teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch of salt, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon mixed spice, 2 eggs, fresh or dried, 1 lb. mixed dried fruit, 3 tablespoons cold tea.

Cream the sugar and margarine together and beat in the treacle or syrup. Mix the flour, soda, salt and spices together. Add alternately with the eggs to the creamed mixture and beat well. Add the fruit and mix in the tea. Put the mixture into a 7" tin, lined with greased paper, and bake in a very moderate oven for 2 1/2 hours. ICING: 6 oz. icing sugar, 1 tablespoon water, few drops lemon juice or lemon substitute. Sift sugar into a bowl to remove lumps, add water and lemon juice and mix till smooth with a wooden spoon. Spread with knife on cake, dipping knife into water occasionally to give a smooth surface. This is sufficient for a thin layer on top of 7" cake.

**CHRISTMAS ROAST**

Suitable joints are ribs of beef, breast of lamb or veal, loin of lamb or veal. Approximate size for 4 people will be 3 lb. Joints should be boned before stuffing, and surplus fat removed.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

(S.186)



STUFFING: 9 oz. stale bread, soaked and squeezed, 3 level teaspoons salt, 3 level tablespoons chopped parsley, 1/4 level teaspoon pepper, 4 level teaspoons mixed dried herbs, 1 level tablespoon dried egg, dry.

Mix ingredients well with a fork and spread a layer of mixture along the inside of the meat. Roll meat up into a neat shape and tie with string or tape to keep it in shape. Bake in a hot oven for 10 mins., reduce heat to slow or moderate and continue cooking for a further 1 1/4-1 1/2 hours. Make any remaining stuffing into balls, fry or bake them separately and serve round the meat.

**MINCEMEAT**

1/2-3/4 lb. mixed dried fruit, 4 oz. apples, 3-4 oz. sugar, 2-4 oz. suet or melted margarine, 2 level tablespoons marmalade, 1/2 level teaspoon mixed spice, 1/2 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1/4 level teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice or essence, a few drops rum essence.

Chop fruit finely and grate apples. Add other ingredients and mix very thoroughly. Put into small jars and tie down securely. Store in a cool dry place. If the larger quantities of fruit, sugar and fat are used, this will keep for several weeks, but with the smaller amounts, it should be used within about 10 days.



Take it  
 from me  
**Phillips**  
 RUBBER SOLES & HEELS  
 double the life  
 of your shoes!

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*Liqueur*  
**SLOE GIN**

**Red Hackle**

*Scotland's  
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 SUPPLIERS OF RED HACKLE WHISKY  
 TO H.M. THE KING

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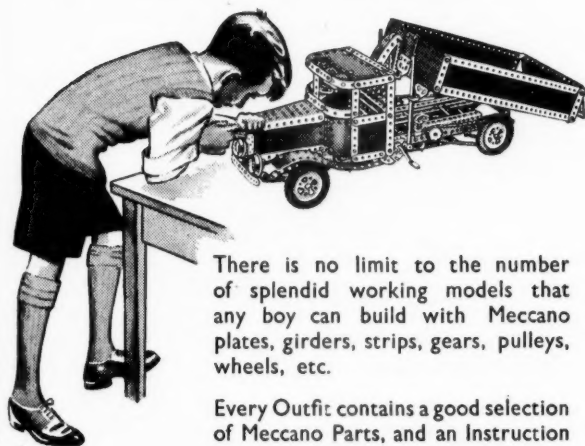
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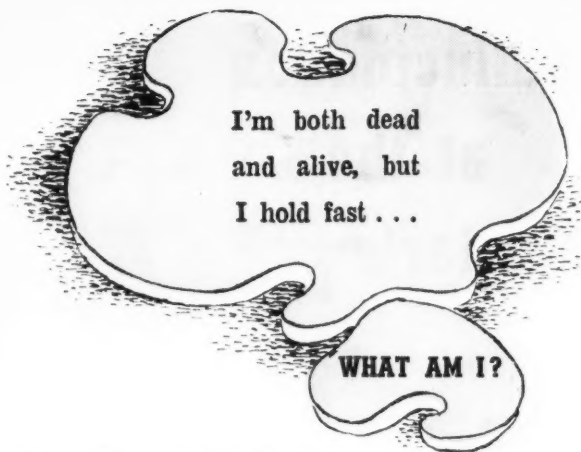
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Spain and Portugal make no more gracious offering to the palate of the connoisseur than the wines that bear the name of Sandeman.

**SANDEMAN**  
PORT & SHERRY



I'm both dead  
and alive, but  
I hold fast . . .

WHAT AM I?

This isn't the motto of a ducal house —

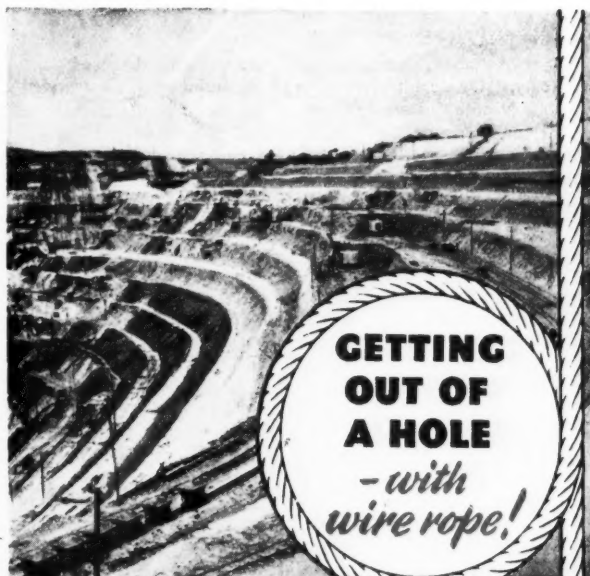
it's Beetle, the versatile plastic made by B.I.P. We describe it as 'dead' because Beetle moulding powder, once set, becomes chemically inert — insoluble, odourless, tasteless, unchangeable. Alive? — the proof lies in its gay, unfading colours, in its clean, firm texture, in its ever-growing popularity.

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**GETTING  
OUT OF  
A HOLE**  
— with  
wire rope!

**W**IRE ROPE has a vital job in this huge Malayan Tin Mine, the 'Hong Fatt Sungei Besi' Mine—one of the world's largest man-made holes. Every laden truck is hauled to the surface by the wire ropes of British Ropes Limited, chosen for outstanding reliability and economy in service.



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# Hallucination at the Hosier's



"Do my senses deceive me?" exclaimed the customer, excitedly, "Or do I truly see a most gratifying sight suspended, without visible means of support, in the middle altitude of your establishment?"

"It is a mirage, Sir," said Mr. Hock the hosier, "Or, to be absolutely accurate, *two* mirages."

"I concede the point as regards plurality; there are *two* socks, alike in their splendid symmetry. 'Viyella' socks, Mr. Hock! I have pined for their return — and here they are!"

"Merely in mirage form, Sir."

"But Mr. Hock!" cried the customer. "Mirage form my foot! Their superb texture is almost tangible — it says 'Viyella,' 'Viyella' and nothing but 'Viyella'!"

"Alas, Sir, you are but another victim of the universal wish for 'Viyella': these spectral phenomena are a common symptom."

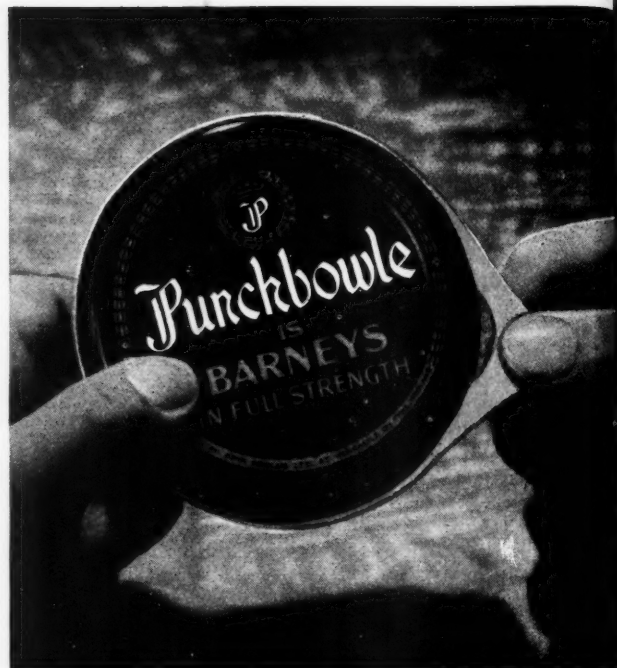
"And when will wishes be translated into 'Viyella'?"

"Soon, I hope with all my heart," said Mr. Hock the hosier, fervently.

## Viyella

PYJAMAS • SPORTS SHIRTS • SOCKS

When we can make them again  
your retailer will be the first  
to tell you.



## "One of several that I have had laid by for years."

These headlines form part of a Birmingham letter sent to us in April. The original can be inspected on request. All published comments from Barneys Smokers are spontaneous, inspired only by the fine quality of the Tobacco.

### WHAT HE WROTE

"It may interest you to know that I opened a 2oz. Tin of Punchbowle yesterday—being one of several that I have had laid by for years: the contents were absolutely perfect; the bouquet charming... You may be able to tell the age by the attached label and wrapper taken from the Tin."

### FROM OUR REPLY

Judging by the inset, this particular tin of Punchbowle must be all of twenty years old... we have had several EVERFRESH tins on test at this office for a number of years and it is very gratifying to learn that you, also, have found Punchbowle in perfect condition after such a length of time.

### In conclusion

Barneys, and its kindred Tobaccos\* are like unto good wine; they improve—mellow—with keeping: such good tobacco, so well protected from all climatic change.

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild).  
Punchbowle (full). 4/1d. oz.

(297) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne